Photo *Bernard Cooper Ltd.*

TO MARION.

Midst three alternatives I stood:
A silvery voice, I thought, is good,
Rare beauty, virtue too.
In vain I sought which of these three
Of most importance was to me;
Now find I all in you.

Lawrence Nelson.

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Photo Dover Street Studios.

"CHERRY RIPE"

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo Halls' Studio, New York.

MISS GRACE GRISWOLD

as Herself and as
'Mrs. Eichorn" in "Mrs. Wiggs
of the Cabbage Patch."

Miss Griswold is a pretty and fascinating girl, unlike in every possible way to the furious, beldam character she had to impersonate in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She is herself a writer of successful plays. Her family went to America in 1664, and ten generations have lived in Black Hall, which, nowadays, is just like a pretty old English village.

Oliver Wolcott, a maternal ancestor, was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence on that ever to be remembered first 4th of July.

Photo Dover Street Studios.

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Photo *S. Erwin Neame.*

CONNIE ST. CLARE.

A Youthful Stage Beauty.

Miss Connie St. Clare, one of the latest additions to musical comedy, is a young lady with a large wardrobe of beautiful dresses, which she wears with a dainty charm all her own.

Recently she went on tour with "My Darling," and those who were privileged to see her performances can bear witness that, granted an average amount of opportunity (which they say comes to all), she should do well.

She is passionately fond of flowers, and there is nothing she likes better than to wander in some old country garden and cull the blossoms for herself, but that, of course, is when the weather is fine. This year Miss St. Clare has naturally preferred to have her flowers cut and sent in by the gardener. "There are too many slugs—great, horrid things—about in damp weather like this," she said with a rueful smile.

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Photos Hana.

LITTLE TICH,

Our Quaintest Comedian.

Little Tich's lawful name is Harry Relph. His cognomen he owes to a facetious music-hall manager who billed him as "Little Tichborne."

This was at the time of the great impersonation case, the claimant to the title and estates of Tichborne being, of course, a huge and weighty man. Hence the quaint conceit of the manager.

When Little Tich was in Paris the droll little fellow was idolised by the ladies. One sent a letter to a leading journal in the following strain:

"If I love Little Tich it is because I love fairy tales. He is as dear to me as a gnome. He is a creature out of an old legend. Were I a queen I would have no other jester. He should carry my sumptuous robe. I would give him a sweetmeat, and perhaps I would playfully caress his cheek!"

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Photo *Bassano.*

EVELYN HOPE.

A Young Actress of Great Promise.

Pretty Miss Evelyn Hope is just nineteen, and already she has had a good deal of encouragement from theatrical managers.

"Nothing very exciting has so far happened in my stage career," she says, "but anything to do with the stage seems of tremendous importance to me. My one ambition is to play nice parts."

You are far from being alone in that desire, Miss Hope!

Most of her experience has so far been with Adelphi companies. She was in "Tristram and Iseult" and "The Virgin Goddess."

"I so enjoyed being one of the starving crowd in the latter piece," she adds. "In 'Othello,' Mr. Asche asked me to arrange a tarantella for five girls, with a little *pas seul* for myself."

Naturally Miss Hope complied—it was just one of those nice parts she had been looking for.

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Foulsham & Banfield.

EDMUND and FRED PAYNE.

"Brothers in Arms."

Teddy and Freddy Payne bear a remarkable resemblance to one another, though Freddy is taller and eleven years younger than his famous brother.

"Freddy," says Ted, "was always a very shy chap, and this accounts for his late arrival on the stage. Though he has a fine baritone voice it was always the greatest trouble to get him to do anything. But he 'went down' so well at one or two cycling concerts at which I induced him to sing, that I said: 'Fred, you can do something better than carriage painting, you've got to go on the stage.'

"So we got him on with Mr. Geo. Dance's companies, and he does my Gaiety parts in the country, and he does them uncommonly well."

Isn't Fred a lucky fellow to have such a kind brother?

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Photo *Fowlsham & Brinfield.*

EVA MOORE (Mrs. H. V. Esmond) and JACK.

A Beautiful Actress and Her Little Son.

One night at Hartlepool Miss Eva Moore found her dressing-room in flames, and what rendered the circumstance doubly serious was that the room was situated immediately under the pit of the theatre.

Without waiting to call assistance, Miss Moore seized a water-jug and deluged the dressing-table—the seat of the trouble. She then snatched up a rug and stifled the remains of the fire. And more extraordinary still, she went straight on the stage and played her part without a tremor.

Little Jack Esmond, aged eight, was delicate as a baby, and accompanied his mother on tour when he was two-and-a-half.

During the performance of "The Only Way," he nearly died, but Mrs. Esmond, though nearly frantic with grief, struggled gamely through her work till the bitter end.

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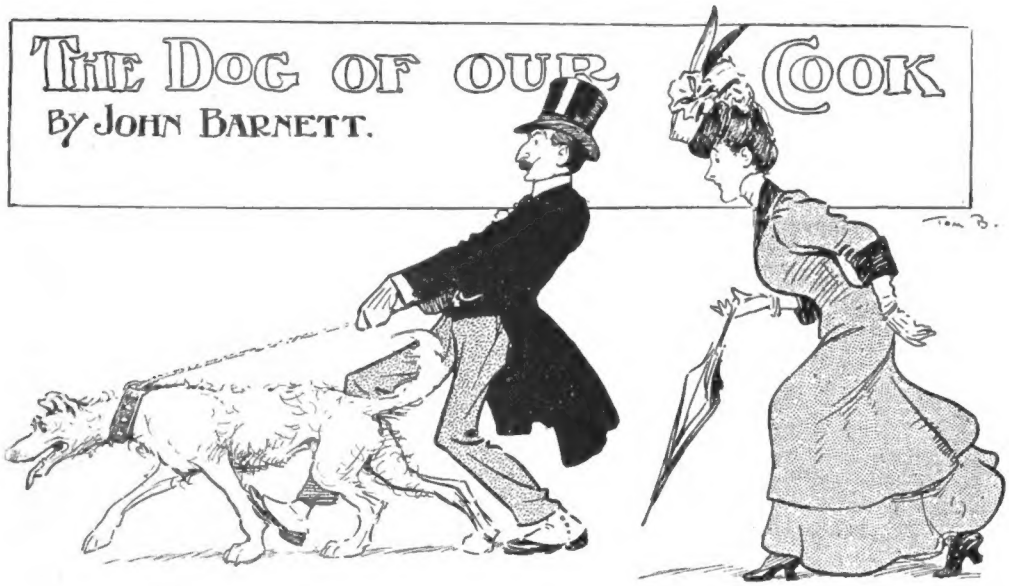
The Dog of our Cook

By John Barnett.



The Story of the Disturbances that Animal Caused.

This title is not, as you might suppose, part of a sentence from a French exercise. It is a simple allusion to a distressing fact, or rather to a painful memory. For neither cook nor dog is with us now.

It all came about in this way. Owing chiefly to Frederick's exacting criticism, and perhaps in a lesser degree to my own inexperience, we found ourselves for several weeks without a cook. During that time we existed in Spartan fashion, enduring as best we could the daring culinary experiments of a housemaid, until I really began to fear for Frederick's reason. Men are sadly, even contemptibly, dependent upon their creature comforts. And then at last the luck appeared to change.

I heard at the registry office not of a cook but of a paragon! I have never read such a character in my life. Every virtue under the sun appeared to belong to this one simple woman. I felt that their glow would illumine the kitchen as with a brilliant lamp. I almost threw my arms around the neck of the gaunt lady at the office, and I gasped out: "I will take her. She must be mine!"

The gaunt lady drew back a little, as though rendered nervous by my enthusiasm.

"Very good, madam," she said suavely. "There is only one thing, one little trifling thing, against Amelia Spriggins. She has a dog!"

"She has a what?" I asked.

"A dog, madam. It was bequeathed her by her late master, with whom she lived for twenty years, and she simply refuses to be parted from it."

The revulsion of feeling at this sudden blow was terrible.

"Oh, I really couldn't!" I began, and then a ray of hope came to me. "Is the dog twenty years old?" I asked, for it had struck me that the animal might soon be in a condition to be stuffed. I should not have objected so much to a stuffed dog in the kitchen.

"No, madam; it is only three years old, I believe. But such a darling, Amelia Spriggins tells me. So good and gentle and affectionate! It is possible, madam, that you might grow quite fond of it."

I reflected that it was possible, but scarcely probable. I am not a very devoted dog lover, and I had never heard of a cook with a dog before. I almost decided to discard Amelia Spriggins, but then—I thought of Frederick, and the anguish in his eyes at the sight of the housemaid's peculiar efforts. After all, my first duty was to him. I half closed my eyes and made the plunge.

"I will see Amelia Spriggins," I said rather faintly, "and if I like her I will try to put up with the dog."

And that evening I told Frederick about it.

"If the cook is one-half, nay, one-tenth what her character claims for her," he said

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solemnly, "we will take her and keep her, although she brings a menagerie. Personally, I wish it were going to be a lion. Then it might kill that housemaid."

"That is a wicked thing to say," I told him severely. "What has the poor girl done to you?"

"She has totally ruined one of the soundest digestions and one of the sweetest tempers that were ever devised by a beneficent Providence," he said pathetically. "But enough of me and my sufferings. What will you do if the dog turns out to be a mastiff or a St. Bernard? Shall you have the kitchen enlarged?"

"I am to see Amelia Spriggins to-morrow, Frederick," I said seriously. "I understand that the dog is accustomed to sleep indoors in the scullery. They lay stress upon its powers as a watch-dog. If it turns out to be a St. Bernard or a mastiff, or, indeed, any large variety of dog, it shall never cross this threshold! We will just go on with the housemaid."

"I only pray that it may be a Yorkshire terrier!" he said, with a piety that in Frederick is sadly rare.

I saw Amelia Spriggins on the morrow, and she assured me that 'Ugo was neither a St. Bernard nor a mastiff. The name, as she pronounced it, had an Italian smack; but I fancy that it had originally been English. She was a small, timid, crushed-looking woman, and she seemed vaguely reticent as to Hugo's breed. It was a little, white, curly dog, she informed me, with a little, brown, curly head. She never spoke of the animal, I found, without using the adjective "little." When I asked her about its size, she held a large hand in a larger black-thread glove some five inches from the ground to indicate its height.

"'E's quite a little dog, is 'Ugo, mum," she said, and I was fairly satisfied. Later I was to realise that Amelia Spriggins' eye for size was most defective. I prefer not to think that she was a deliberate teller of untruths.

"And is Hugo er—a thoroughly clean dog?" I asked.

"Little 'Ugo, mum," she answered with just a trace of correction in her voice, "is washed twice a week, and sometimes oftener. 'Is little curly coat is white as driven snow, and smells of nothink but carbolic soap. And in gentleness and loving playfulness, mum, 'e's like a little kitten——"

"You can come on Monday, cook," I said, and tore myself away.

Frederick remarked that it seemed almost ideal when I described the interview to him. He also said that he did not believe that the constitution of any dog would stand such constant washing. He seemed to suggest that Hugo's life would flicker out like the flame of a candle. He generally tries to take a cheerful view of things. He added that Hugo, while he lived, would be quite a sanitary influence in the kitchen. The maids preserved a gloomy, non-committal sort of attitude when I told them about the new arrivals.

Upon Tuesday morning I made my way to the kitchen to order dinner. Hugo and his mistress had arrived the night before. I confess that I was feeling slightly nervous and as I entered my courage was not increased by hearing a low, raucous growl. I was dimly aware of Amelia Spriggins skirmishing, as it were, before me, but my eyes were drawn irresistibly towards a corner of the room. There a large, curly, yellowish dog, closely chained and muzzled, was standing in a stiff, straining sort of attitude.

"Good-morning, cook," I said rather tremulously. "So this is Hugo? But—er—why is he muzzled?"

She coughed with an alluring smile.

"Little 'Ugo, mum," she said, "is strange to 'is new 'ome as yet. But 'e is eager to make friends with you, mum!"

She took up a heavy whip from the dresser, and turned towards the glaring animal.

"Come and make friends, 'Ugo!" she said.

"Cook!" I said very firmly, "I wish to order dinner." And there was that in my manner which showed Amelia Spriggins that I was not to be trifled with. At any rate, although manifestly disappointed, she dispensed with a formal introduction to Hugo upon that occasion, and turned to more mundane matters. I am afraid that I should never have been able to earn my living as a lion-tamer.

However, I must admit that in time Hugo learnt to tolerate my regular visits to the kitchen. It is true that cook deemed it best that he should wear his muzzle in my presence, but after a day or two she freed him from his chain, and the great, yellow creature would come and rub himself against my dress. Hugo was an appalling example of a catholic blend of breeds, and he was quite the largest small dog that I have ever seen. But I am not sure that his presence did not lend a certain thrill of excitement to the arid task of

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She took up a heavy whip from the dresser . . . "Come and make friends, Hugo," she said.

ordering dinner. You will observe that I am trying to be just.

Amelia Spriggins was certainly a splendid cook, and in other ways she came near to justifying her enthusiastic character. But there were one or two crumpled rose leaves in our bliss. There generally are in this tiresome world. One of them made itself apparent when Frederick had to interview the butcher's assistant one evening.

He was a hot, indignant, red-faced youth, and he carried a large, brown-paper parcel in his hand. His story was that as he came for orders, something more like a tiger than a dog had sprung at him, and had been only beaten from his throat by the efforts of its desperate mistress, armed with a heavy club. At this point in the interview, I understand, he opened the parcel, and Frederick told me afterwards that Hugo had certainly wrecked the useful garments it contained. But he said that he did not believe that the young fellow's throat had ever been in danger. However, he gave him ten shillings as compensation.

Frederick at this time was taking an optimistic view about Hugo's presence in the house. He certainly rather grudged the ten shillings, but he was so pleased with Amelia Spriggins' cooking that he forgave her the financial loss. He even interested himself in the creature's health, and offered to take it for a walk one Sunday morning.

Certainly the animal must have been in need of exercise, but I cannot say that Amelia Spriggins accepted the offer with any real enthusiasm. Perhaps she had a prophetic instinct of what was to come. She seemed to hesitate, and then she produced a steel chain, and stipulated that Hugo should not be allowed to run free during the excursion. Frederick's keenness had slightly cooled by this time, but he could not back out of the offer very well, and to my lasting regret he insisted that I should accompany him.

It was like being chained to a small but powerful steam-engine.

Hugo took Frederick along at a speed that would have made a professional pedestrian envious, and he was entirely indifferent to abuse or threats. Frederick's abstention from actual violence may have been due to pure humanity, or to the fact that Hugo was not wearing his muzzle. After half-a-mile one of the two had had enough of it, and that one was not Hugo.

"I am going to unchain the infernal creature," Frederick said.

"You had better not," I remarked. I was

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Instantly something sprang straight at his throat with a savage, worrying growl.

compelled to remind him later of these warning words.

"I am going to," he said, and he did so.

Hugo stood for one moment glaring at us, then turned and ran in the direction of home, with the steady, unswerving gait of madness.

"Oh, Heavens, he may be lost or stolen!" I cried, with a vision before my eyes of our returning to Amelia Spriggins with an unattached chain in our hands. "Cannot you run after him, Frederick?"

"I can, but I won't," he answered callously, pointing to the crowds of well-dressed people strolling churchwards. Would that I had obeyed my conscience, and had been among them! "It would need a racehorse to catch the brute. Somehow I fancy that no one's honesty will be strained to breaking point by his appearance; and, anyway, he's probably back in the kitchen by now."

We turned back ourselves to see if this were so. Personally I feared the worst, and although Frederick bore himself with an air of bravado there was a wild look in his eyes. In the kitchen Amelia Spriggins met my question with despairing horror. Nothing had been seen or heard of Hugo.

"'E's lorst, mum!" she cried. "Oh, it'll break my 'eart if I never see 'is little face again! Some cruel dog-stealer 'as been biding 'is time, and now 'e's snapped 'im up."

"I don't believe he's stolen, cook," said Frederick with conviction. "We'll find him for you!" and we went wildly forth upon our almost hopeless quest.

I do not think that I shall ever forget that dreadful morning! For hours we walked in search of a yellowish mongrel dog, possibly answering to the name of Hugo, and for hours our search was vain. We whistled until our lips were cracking, we called aloud the hateful name of Hugo until our throats were parched, but although there were yellow dogs in plenty not one of them was the missing mongrel.

Twice Frederick captured a plausible imitation of the horrid creature after a long stern chase, and fitted the chain to its unwilling neck, and twice its rightful owner demanded angrily to know if he were a dog-stealer by profession. It was a truly fearful time!

Once we ventured back to the house to see if Hugo had returned, but the cook was hanging over the gate, like Sister Anne, dissolved in tears, and we slunk back to the search without a word.

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About half-past one some primitive instinct on Frederick's part brought us home again. Personally, I could not see that there was much chance of luncheon if we did go back. But I was dreadfully tired and footsore, and even Frederick was limping slightly. There was no sign of the cook at the gate of the drive, but as Frederick opened the door with his latchkey she burst from the kitchen, and I thought for one moment that she would take him in her arms.

"'E's come back, sir and mum!" she cried. "Little 'Ugo 'as come back! 'E's sitting in the kitching now as good as gold, so pleased and grateful for 'is walk!"

"Cook!" said Frederick quite fiercely. "Let lunch be served at once, and never let me hear the name of Hugo again!"

It was upon the following Sunday that the sad incident occurred which severed our connection with Hugo and his mistress. Frederick's Aunt Felicia had spent the day with us, and as a natural consequence we retired to rest completely exhausted. I quite recognise that Frederick's Aunt Felicia means to be kind, but she has a slightly exacting nature, and likes to get the last ounce of attendance out of all around her. I had just fallen asleep when a strange, unearthly sound came to my ears.

It was nôt a yell, it was not a bark, and it was not a muffled, wailing moan. But it contrived to combine the characteristics of all the three. Coming in the silent night it stiffened my hair and sent a horrid chill curling down my spine. I lay without the power of speech, and in a moment the silence was broken again. This time the sound suggested the anguished howl of a badly-trained ventriloquist. I thought of all our errors, and especially of Frederick's, and I wondered if anything in the nature of a judgment were coming upon us.

And then through the darkness I heard a voice—a healthily indignant human voice.

"It's that Tartarean dog!" said Frederick savagely. "He's sitting down in the kitchen trying to find out how many abominable noises his throat is capable of! If he continues the experiment I shall go down to him with a razor."

"Oh! only the dog!" I gasped with heavenly relief. "I thought it was something much more horrid!"

"You may like it," Frederick grunted crossly. "It's quite bad enough for my taste."

And then, in swift succession, as though in defiance, that amazing dog proceeded to give us lifelike imitations of an unhappy cat, a teething infant, and a wolf-pack in full cry. This last histrionic effort drowned even Frederick's comments, and in the midst of it he rose and put on his dressing-gown. As he left the room Hugo seemed to pause for breath, and in the deathly silence I could distinctly hear Amelia Spriggins sobbing noisily in her room above.

Frederick seems to have gone downstairs in something considerably under record time, but at the kitchen door he admits that he paused for a moment. Something was pacing up and down inside the kitchen, and somehow the sound gave Frederick an uncomfortable recollection of the lion house at the Zoo.

For only a moment he paused, and then (I have his word for it) he pulled himself sharply together. He wrenched open the door, and instantly something sprang straight at his throat with a savage, worrying growl.

The dog Hugo had mistaken Frederick for a tradesman or a burglar!

Frederick has several theories of what happened next; sometimes he speaks of miracles, sometimes he thinks that he contrived to stun the animal with one straight, heavy blow. Personally, I take a more prosaic view of the conflict. By a most lucky chance it was only the thick collar of the dressing-gown that the desperate animal had seized. Somehow, with almost superhuman activity and coolness (to quote a third theory of Frederick), Frederick contrived to tear the garment from about him, and next moment he found himself outside the door, unbitten. Through the intervening planks he shuddered to hear Hugo venting his wild rage upon an unoffending and most expensive dressing-gown.

Next morning, in an interview that left its marks upon us both, I offered Amelia Spriggins the alternatives of the lethal chamber for Hugo (I had overruled Frederick's more bloodthirsty suggestions), or the immediate departure of dog and mistress. She chose the latter course unhesitatingly, although with blinding tears, and departed with dog and baggage in a four-wheeler.

And now I am once more open to engage a cook—but one without a canine appendage this time!

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase Photographs Suitable for Use in These Pages. All Pictures Submitted Should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Photo *Filey Kester.*

Mr. Dundas as he appeared in the streets of Berlin a short time ago, with his wife and a Greek boy who acts as nurse. Mr. Dundas believes in the costume of the ancient Greeks.

ALLIGATORS SHOOTING THE CHUTE.

At the Arkansas Alligator Farm, Hot Springs, Ark., U.S.A., four alligators have been taught to shoot the chute. They arrive at the top of the structure by struggling up a pathway with cross-pieces screwed to it to give a foothold. Then at the word of command they put their feet together and slide for about thirty feet into a tank of water.

The farm, which is the only one of its kind, belongs to Mr. H. J. Campbell, who is an Englishman. At the present time he has between eight and nine hundred alligators.

Photo *Arlington Studio.*

At the Arkansas Alligator Farm, Hot Springs, Ark., U.S.A., four alligators have been trained to slide down a chute eighteen feet high into a tank.

A STRANGE TASTE IN CLOTHES.

One Mr. Dundas, who lately journeyed from Athens to Berlin with his wife and child and a Greek boy who served as a nurse, has no love for modern clothes.

Not for him are the glossy silk hat and carefully creased trousers. His taste demands Arcadian apparel, and so he drapes himself in robes whose cut is similar to that which was *de rigueur* in Athens many years ago.

The worthy inhabitants of Berlin may be forgiven for having shown a little natural curiosity when Mr. Dundas and family set out for their walks abroad in the garb of old Greece.

The rather grotesque note which these ancient moderns — or modern ancients — struck was more noticeable since the baby did not disdain a modern perambulator.

The spectacle of an ancient Greek pushing a perambulator struck the good Berliners as being distinctly humorous, and they were not altogether wrong.

It could scarcely have given the spectators a greater shock if the young man had been seen smoking a pipe while wearing his Attic attire.

Still, even Shakespeare was guilty of anachronisms.

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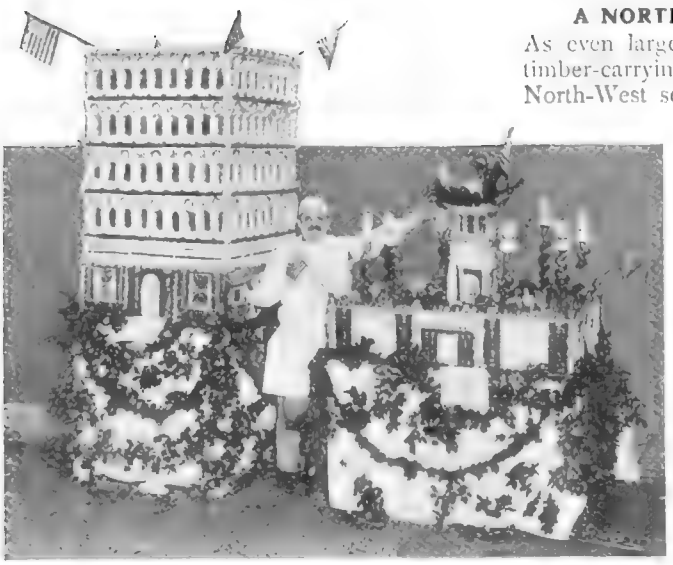

By permission of *Chicago Tribune.*

Chef M. Ben Mogni and his wonderful cake that took 600 lb. sugar, 1400 eggs, 800 lb. flour, 280 lb. citron, 300 lb. raisins, and one year's work to make.

A WONDERFUL CAKE.

Chef M. Ben Mogni, of Chicago, has made a cake. It took a year to complete, and among other things contains 600 lb. of sugar, 1400 eggs, 800 lb. of flour, 280 lb. of citron, and 300 lb. of raisins.

At the top of this edifice of confectionery is a miniature racecourse, with horses that run round, driven by electricity.

No one knows why the celebrated *chef* made this cake; perhaps he did it on impulse, but it is more likely that it was constructed—or should one say built?—as an advertisement.

In any case it must be getting a little stale by this time, and it is not very likely that anyone will come forward and offer to eat it.

However this may be, M. Ben Mogni deserves to be congratulated for his praiseworthy perseverance and skill.

The list of the ingredients contained in the cake sounds rather like a stores' grocery department catalogue, and the most enthusiastic amateur cook would surely shrink from the awful task of beating 1400 eggs. Yet few masterpieces have been achieved without labour and sorrow, this being as true of cakes as of epic poems.

A NORTH-WEST TIMBER-RAFT.

As even large vessels have a very limited timber-carrying capacity, what are termed North-West sea rafts came to be designed. A huge skeleton is first constructed, and by means of a derrick each piece of timber is lifted separately and placed in position in the cradle. They are adjusted so as to overlap, and the raft is of a cigar shape.

When complete the raft is lashed together with iron chains of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch links at intervals of twelve feet, iron staples being driven into the timber to prevent the chains slipping. In addition to these, wire-rope is also wrapped round the raft. A chain running through the centre of the raft forms a towing line.

Timber is transported in rafts down the Columbia River to San Francisco. The smallest contain 5000 pieces of timber, and some are 650 feet long.

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By permission of *The* Daily Express.

Little Miss Ruth Allen, of Sunbury-on-Thames, who, like Mary, has a little lamb.

RUTH AND HER LAMB.

Little Miss Ruth Allen, who lives at Sunbury-on-Thames, has a lamb.

So had Mary.

Ruth's lamb was given to her by an uncle about three months ago, and was only a few days old when she first had it. But although so young the lamb had a big, kind heart, and it began to love Ruth from the very moment it saw her.

Now it is almost a nuisance, for it follows Ruth everywhere. Mary's lamb, it will be remembered, was just the same.

Ruth's lamb had to be fed with a bottle when she first received it, and soon Nannie, as it is called, got so heavy that she could hardly lift it, for Ruth is only a little girl.

Nannie's fleece, unlike that of Mary's lamb, is not as white as snow. Ruth will not let anyone talk about mint sauce in her presence. It makes the lamb so nervous.

A CLEVER JUMP.

Everyone will remember how numerous were the prizes taken by Mr. Walter Winans' horses at the great International Horse Show recently held at Olympia.

These horses were trained at Pluckley, in Kent, where Mr. Winans has a private riding school and steeplechase course. The stud of horses at Pluckley are worth at least £100,000, and some of them were among the greatest attractions at the horse show.

The horse performing this sensational jump is St. Olaf. It is no easy task to leap a horse over a table arranged for a meal without upsetting anything upon it.

Anyone who has watched horses being schooled over fences knows how they love to touch the summit of the obstacle with their hind hoofs while going over it, but indulgence in this weakness would necessarily spoil the effect of jumping over a dinner table.

So St. Olaf was taught to jump clean over the table without even making the flowers quiver, and very smartly he did it.

Copyright *Illustrations Bureau.*

St. Olaf, one of the horses belonging to Mr. Walter Winans, who gained so many prizes recently at the International Horse Show, being trained at Pluckley, Kent.

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THE "DREADNOUGHT'S" PUSSY CAT.

When the *Dreadnought* was commissioned all the crew came on board, and one of them did not come alone. He brought with him a small kitten, which subsequently was christened "Scatters" with all solemnity, and adopted by the ship.

Since then "Scatters" has matured, and is now a prettily marked tabby cat, and a favourite with everyone from captain to cabin-boy—if cabin-boys still exist.

"Scatters," as may be seen, is quite at home with the *Dreadnought's* armament, and sits in the bore of one of the guns with all the nonchalance of a veteran.

The men of the big vessel are very proud of their pet pussy, and she has been taught many clever tricks. It is sad to gather from the hand in the illustration holding a tit-bit, that only bribery and corruption induced "Scatters" to pose for her photo.

Photo *C. Cozens.*

"Scatters," the *Dreadnought's* pet pussy cat, looking out of one of the guns.

HONOURING A SCOTTISH BARD.

"Out of sight out of mind" says the proverb, but though the grave has closed over Robert Tannahill, who lived a hundred years ago and wrote such well-known and beautiful lyrics as "Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane" and "Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea," he is not forgotten by his countrymen.

On the first Saturday of June the people of the West of Scotland assemble in thousands at his favourite haunt in the Braes of Gleniffer, near Glasgow and Paisley, and sing the songs of the poet amid scenes of great natural beauty.

On the occasion of these open-air concerts on Gleniffer Braes a small charge of 6*d.* is made for admission to the estate, and with the proceeds statues have been erected in Paisley to keep the memory of Robert Tannahill and Robert Burns green for ever.

Photo *A. Dunbar & Co., Glasgow and Edinburgh.*

On the first Saturday in June thousands of Scots sing the songs of Robert Tannahill, the Scotch poet, at his favourite haunt in the Braes of Gleniffer.

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Photo *H. Moor.*

These whale jaws were erected by the skipper of the Whitby vessel, *Henrietta*, on the roadside at Forge Valley, Scarborough, as a memorial to the largest whale he ever captured.

A WHALE'S JAWS.

For many years the jawbones of a mighty whale have decorated the roadside at Forge Valley, Scarborough.

The whale was captured by the *Henrietta*, of Whitby, and as it was the largest that vessel had ever caught, the skipper took this means of commemorating the fact.

Across the jawbones, at the top, is a board with the vessel's name blazoned upon it.

These monster pieces of whalebone are quite a landmark in the neighbourhood, and many have been the eager questions asked by visitors who were curious to know how and why they came to be where they are.

The present occupation of these jawbones is sufficient to humble the pride of the most arrogant. Once they roamed far and wide through the fathomless deep, engulfing thousands of small fish to feed the monster to whom they belonged.

Now, alas! the peripatetic bill poster plasters notices on them. To what greater depths could they have fallen? For on the left hand one we see a notice that something is going to happen on the 25th!

A QUEER SHIPWRECK.

When the steamship *Carrington* ran aground on the treacherous rocks of Ushant, near Brest, in France, she was not damaged.

The bow was tilted high in the air, the stern remaining afloat, and in consequence a curious thing happened.

When the tide rose and fell, the vessel played a game of see-saw, rising and falling over the rock with the ebb and flow of the sea.

The rocks of Ushant are well-known for their dangerous nature, and many a vessel has been piled up on them and hopelessly lost.

In view of this, it is all the more remarkable that the *Carrington* should have remained practically undamaged when running aground at this dangerous point.

Considering the number of serious disasters that have taken place on these rocks, the owners of the *Carrington* suffered very little loss.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau.*

The steamer *Carrington* which ran ashore at Ushant, but was not damaged. The vessel played see-saw with the rise and fall of the tide.

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THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

No. VII.—THE SHIP'S RUN.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

The Famous Detective, Paul Beck, is Successful in Exposing a Gambling Swindle on an Ocean Liner.

(A Complete Story.)

It began this way. She dropped her purse and he caught it as it fell. Don't run away with the notion that this was the starting point of a romance, for though the lady was young and pretty there was a wedding ring on her finger, and the man was stout, sedate, and middle-aged.

They were standing together on the upper promenade deck of the great ship *Titanic* as she slid in the grey dusk, a softly moving island, in and out through the multitudinous shipping of New York harbour. A soft mist was over the sea and the sky, stealing away their colour. The huge statue of Liberty stood up from the smooth floor of the sea like a fine grey etching against the fainter grey of the sky. High up in the lifted hand of the great figure the beacon flared red through the haze. The dawn grew slowly—the mist changed from grey to white, from dark to light. There was a luminous splash of brightness in the clouds to the east, and without warning the blood-red rim of the sun showed over the water.

It was at that instant that pretty Mrs. Eyre dropped her purse as she leant over the rail, and Mr. Rhondel, with a snap like a swooping hawk, caught it a yard from her hand.

"Cricket!" he explained, as he restored it to the fair owner.

"Thanks," she said; "you're real smart. There were five hundred dollars in that purse on their way to the bottom of the sea, when you chipped in and caught it. Say, isn't that just fine!"—she waved a small hand admiringly at the red sun—"guess he knows how to wake things up rather."

"Going over for the first time?" said Mr. Rhondel, ignoring the opportunity of discussing the sun's capabilities.

"First time, Bob and I, to the old country."

"You're Irish, then?"

It was a bold shot. The girl—she was hardly a woman—was typically American, tall, slim, graceful, carrying her head well: and her voice had a faint twang of the American drawl, which is pleasant from pretty lips. But the shot was straight, all the same, and went home. The eyes of forget-me-not blue deepened to violet.

"Am I Irish? Why, sure; and Bob, too. My grandfather by the mother's side came over in the forties. But Bob is Irish all the way through, from his toe-nails to his top-knot. There goes the bugle for breakfast. Come along; we'll get together, we three. I'll fix it all right with the steward; you'll like my boy."

She fixed it all right, and Mr. Rhondel sat beside her at the bounteous breakfast table. Beyond her on the other side was her "boy"—a handsome, clean-shaven young fellow of twenty-five.

"Where have you been, Kitty? I've waited a minute and a half, and I'm as hungry as a hawk."

He dexterously peeled a big apple as he spoke.

"Seeing the sun up," Kitty exclaimed, "and carelessly dropping my purse over the rails."

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right; don't worry. Mr. Rhondel, here, caught it as it fell. This is Bob, Mr.

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Rhondel—Bob Eyre, my husband; you can shake hands behind my back."

She drew herself straight and close to the table, and they shook hands behind her back, Mr. Eyre with an admiring wink at the shapely little poll on which the coils of glossy, red-brown hair were piled.

"Try a kippered herring, Mr. Rhondel," said Bob, "with tenderloin steak to follow—best thing to begin breakfast with. Sole for you, Kitty?"

They chatted freely all through the long breakfast, and by the time it was over they were old friends. Mr. Rhondel manœuvred his deck chair close to Mrs. Eyre, making no secret of his admiration. Bob Eyre sauntered off to play deck quoits. There was quicksilver in the young fellow's blood. He could not sit still for a moment; brain and muscle were full of restless vitality that craved incessant exertion and excitement.

Life on board soon settled down to a routine. The third day out the same hour found Mrs. Eyre and Mr. Rhondel seated on their deck chairs close together, and Mr. Eyre playing shuffle-board.

"May I smoke?" said Mr. Rhondel.

"Why, certainly. I love a cigar in another person's mouth; don't smoke myself, not a cigarette even; don't like it."

She carefully found her place in her book, and then set it face down on the rug that Mr. Rhondel had tucked cosily around her.

"You are the great South African millionaire, aren't you, Mr. Rhondel?"

"So they say."

"Oh, you need not get riled. I wanted to give you a word of warning; there's cardsharpers aboard. I coaxed it out of the doctor. They plucked so many pigeons the last few voyages that now the company has a detective to watch them. The doctor wouldn't or couldn't tell me which was the detective. I guess myself it is the curate, the Rev. Abel Lankin."

"Surely not!" said Mr. Rhondel.

"Well, I suspect him. He looks too innocent to be natural. Look at him now with the fool woman over there. Isn't he a pretty buttercup? Well, I hope he'll catch the cheats, anyway."

Mr. Rhondel hoped so, too, and then their talk drifted lazily from one subject to another as the great vessel—the largest and fastest passenger boat afloat—slid smoothly through the waves.

Mrs. Eyre was sudden and frank as a child in her friendship. She told him all about herself, and all she knew about her husband.

"I worked the 'phone in New York," she confided. "My folk could have kept me at home, but I wouldn't. Bob was a conductor on the street cars when I met him; he was an inspector when I married him. We went to Niagara for the honeymoon, and concluded the celebration in the Manhattan Hotel till the dollars ran out. We had fixed it up to live in New York, and we were on the look-out for a flat when the news came that started us homewards."

"What news?" said Mr. Rhondel, as he lit a cigar carefully all round from the glowing stump which he tossed overboard into the froth of waves. This frank-spoken little woman interested him. It was not mere politeness that prompted the question.

"Oh, you have got the soft end of the talk this time. It is easy to say: 'Well, what's the news?' It's not so easy to answer you slick. I'm not clear about it myself; I doubt if Bob is. I had to get the story out of him in bits, like the kernel out of a walnut, and some got stuck. He was a landlord once over in Ireland. But there wasn't a cent in the job. His income was considerably less than nothing a year when he started for the States, leaving his lawyer in charge of the mortgages.

"He often told me he was the first man of his breed that had ever earned a cent. Then the British Congress passed some Act or another to boom real property, and Bob's land came in on the top of the boom. I don't know what happened. The tenants bought the land, and the State paid for it, and they paid him a bonus for selling at a big price.

"Then the State Legislature, the Senate, House of Lords, or the King of England for all I know, bought Bob's castle and demesne lands, and sold them back to Bob for less than was paid for them, and made him a free gift of the balance. It was all set out in the lawyer's letter; and I couldn't understand a word of it, but the end was plain enough. Bob had fifty thousand pounds clear out of the deal, and the old castle was waiting for him on the other side.

"'We'll take on the job, Kitty,' he said to me; 'you'll like it and I'll like it. I always got on well with the boys, though we had our little differences about rent. I reckon they'll be glad to have me back, and Mrs. Kitty Eyre will make the country-folk sit up. Between us we'll set things humming. Fifty thousand pounds is a fortune in Ireland. I'll give the boys a lead in farming. There's money to be made out of land if one knows how to make it. We'll start a poultry farm and dairy farm. I'll give you your choice, Kitty, and

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I'll lay a hundred dollars I beat you on the year's return.' I took him up. I've backed the chicken coop against the milk pails, and I mean to win, sure."

Just then Bob Eyre in grey flannels and bright-yellow, rubber-soled shoes came sauntering up, flushed with his efforts at shuffle-board—a fine, shapely cut of a man, with a figure that showed breeding like a thoroughbred horse: light on his feet, and agile in his motions as a cat.

As he reached his wife he opened a shapely hand and showed a fistful of money, silver and gold.

"Won it with the shovel," he explained. "The other chap fancied himself more than a bit."

He dropped down on the deck close to his wife's feet, and pushed his tweed cap back from a tangle of crisp curls.

"I'll make another bit," he said, "before we touch land; you see if I don't. Play poker, sir?" he said, turning abruptly to Mr. Rhondel.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Rhondel, smiling at a pleasant reminiscence. "Do you?"

"Rather, only in a small way up to this—half-dollar rise and five-dollar limit. I take it a gentleman should never risk more than he can pay when the last hand is played. But I'd like to have a chance of a real game. I fancy I'd sweep the board."

"Why don't you?" asked Mr. Rhondel carelessly.

"Cannot. The captain has forbidden big play. He's a sportsman all right himself—says he's very sorry, but company's orders must be carried out. There's a 'tec on board—a whipper-snapper chap, rigged out as a sky pilot, nosing round. Old Colonel Rollin pointed him out to me when I hinted at a game. 'No use, my boy, when that chap's around,' he said. 'Eyes like a ferret.'"

"I'm real glad, Bobsie," his wife interposed, "the big game is barred. I know you. You'd bet the fifty thousand pounds on a pair if you thought the man next you was bluffing, and you'd laugh when he raked in the pool on a straight flush."

"Give us a chance, little one, I'm not that sort. Besides, it's my last hope of a flutter. I have promised never to bet more than five dollars on any game after we touch Old Ireland, and you know I'm a man of my word."

Miss Phœbe Everly passed at this moment—a genuine Gibson girl, with superlative curves and restless activity.

"Lazy!" she threw the word back at Bob Eyre as she passed, and he leapt instantly to his feet at the challenge.

"Have a game of shuffle-board?" he retorted.

"No, come for a smart walk instead. I want to ask you something."

She nodded a gay little nod to Kitty and carried him off.

"Well?" he said when they were half up the promenade deck, "what's your question? If it is *the* question, I cannot—I'm married already."

"Don't trouble on my account. I'll never take a hand in that gamble. I want you to tell me what they mean by 'a bit on the run.'"

"Don't know."

"Then find out like a good boy. I heard old Colonel McClure talking to Pop at lunch a lot of stuff about the day's run and the auction of the numbers and the high field and the low field. But when I asked him what it meant he told me to run away and play, it wasn't good for little girls to know everything. So I want to find out just to spite him."

"Leave it to me," said Bob Eyre, "if it's a bit of a gamble, and it sounds like it, I'll be glad to find out on my own account."

Presently he accosted Colonel McClure with a diplomatic question or two, and found him most genial and freely communicative. His ruddy face and white hair and whiskers gave the old Colonel a benevolent, Father Christmassy appearance. But his was not the goody-goody order of benevolence, for he could drink his glass and tell a story with the best, and his jolly laugh was a pick-me-up to a man in low spirits.

"The run of the ship!" he cried in reply to Bob Eyre's frank question. "My dear boy"—he was of the kind that call all young men dear boys—"don't tell me you have never heard of the lottery on the run of the ship."

"Won't you let me tell the truth, Colonel, once in a while? Remember, I've had only one voyage before, and that was steerage."

"Well, you've come to the right shop for information. I've been auctioneer and general boss of the lottery a score of times. Couldn't live through the voyage without it. The trip takes considerably less than no time when you have the lottery going, you bet your bottom dollar on that. I tell you what, sir——"

"Easy there!" Bob Eyre broke in upon the enthusiast before he got into his stride.

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"First tell me, if you please, what the thing is, anyway."

The Colonel passed from enthusiasm to explanation.

"You know the little map hanging in the broad passage between the library and the smoking-room on the upper deck?"

Eyre nodded.

"Then you have seen the day's run of the vessel is drawn each day on that map in a red line across the blue sea, with the length marked in plain figures?"

"With the last voyage marked in full," added Eyre.

"Exactly, my boy. I see you have your eyes skinned. Perhaps you have noticed that the length of the day's run ranges from about four eighty-five to five-twenty. The variation is twenty or thirty miles, and the average run about five hundred. Now, here is the way the lottery is worked. A score of us—more or less—have a pound each in the pool. We put numbers up to a certain limit in a hat—say from 490 to 510—and draw. Whichever number hits the ship's run for that day scoops the pool. See?"

"But I don't see——"

"Easy on, my boy. I know what you were going to say. Maybe none of the numbers would hit the ship's run. To meet that chance there is the 'high field'—all numbers over the highest number in that hat—and the 'low field'—all under the lowest."

"But that's not the whole game either. The best is to follow. The numbers, after they are drawn, are put up to general auction. A man may bid for his own number. If he buys it in he has only to pay half the price into the general pool. If an outsider buys, the owner gets half the price bid, and the pool takes the other half. The 'high field' and the 'low field' are not drawn for at all, but auctioned right away. The auction is the real fun—eh, what?"

"A bully game!" cried Bob Eyre with enthusiasm. "Is there room for one more inside?"

"We'll try to squeeze you in, my boy. The draw will be in half-an-hour's time. There are seventeen in already; you'll make eighteen."

Later on, when Bob, as in duty bound, tried to explain the mystery to Miss Phœbe, she cut him short midway without mercy. "It sounds like a conundrum, and I hate conundrums," she said.

But Bob found her father all there, Judge Everly, a handsome old man, when he came to draw his number that evening. Mr. Rhondel was also beguiled into taking a hand in the game. The bidding in the smoking-room ran its lively course amid a storm of good-humoured chaff to which Colonel McClure was the main contributor.

Bob Eyre persisted that it was a bully game, in which view he was confirmed when two days later he scooped the pool of £134 with the figure 505 which he had bought at the auction for £11, having sold his own figure 504 for £10.

He was intoxicated with his success, stood drinks all round, and strutted about next day, with his tail up, to where his wife sat on the deck chair reading placidly.

"I told you so, Kitty," he crowed. "I knew I could meet and beat the knowing ones at their own game. Just a little bit of head work, that's all. I took a note of the wind and the weather, and picked the right number out on my own judgment first try. It's a little bit of all right, my dear, and here's your share of the winnings." He poured a clinking stream of gold coins into her lap.

"I wish you would leave it at that, Bob; I'm afraid."

"Fear killed a cat, or was it care? it does not matter which; don't let either kill my mouse. Keep your eye on your hubby, he'll see you through. I only wish I could get these johnnies to pile it on a bit. I don't care for this game of chuck farthing."

That evening, when they were only one day out from Queenstown, Bob Eyre had his wish. The boat had been making great time of late, averaging 515 miles a day, and there was general surprise when Colonel McClure, to whom the arrangement of the figure was intrusted for the most part, fixed the range of the lottery from 485 to 510.

"It's a dead cert for the 'high field,'" objected one of the coterie.

"Don't you believe it," retorted the colonel. "Fine weather cannot last for ever. I have crossed more times than you, my boy; there is generally a bit of a blow as we come close to the poor distressful country. I don't mind having a try at this 'low field' myself, I can tell you."

The majority were, however, of the other way of thinking. The sky was without a cloud, the wind behind them, the glass going up. "Shouldn't mind betting an even pony myself," said one languid youth in grey flannels, "that we do our 520 this run."

"Done," cried the Colonel so sharply that the languid youth's jaw fell, and he abandoned the opposition.

Then Colonel McClure developed an

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unexpected vein of obstinacy. He seemed hurt that his judgment was questioned, and the talk began to grow hot when Judge Everly, in the interests of peace, came round to the side of the Colonel.

"Easy with the pepper castor, gentlemen," he said, "let the Colonel have his way. It's as good for the goose as the gander. We can each back our own fancy in the lottery, and the laugh will be on him when the 'high field,' romps in an easy winner."

Bob Eyre joined in on the same side, and the Colonel carried the day.

"I know the Colonel was a'l wrong, of course," Bob confided to Kitty, "but it was not my cue to tell him so. So I kept my eye on the 'high field' as a dead cert."

That night there was wild excitement in the smoking-room when the numbers were put up to auction. Colonel McClure, wielding a huge pipe-case for an auctioneer's hammer, was better fun than ever. His good-humoured jests were like oil on the troubled waters of the gamblers' feverish excitement. For the bidding ran high. By a chance, lucky or unlucky, the Rev. Abel Lankin, whose protesting presence was always a check upon any kind of gambling, did not put in an appearance.

The high spirits of the company, excited at the thought of approaching their journey's end, found a vent in high betting. Number after number was bid close up to three figures. The bigger the number, the bigger the bidding, but when the Colonel reached the 'high field,' which looked so like a certainty, the company threw their self-control completely away, and the bidding was fast and furious. All joined in at first, and three hundred was bid before the pack began to thin off.

When five hundred was reached three men had the bidding between them — Judge Everly, thin lipped and determined; Colonel McClure, full of jovial good-humour; and Bob Eyre, more reckless than ever from a slight overdose of champagne. These three kept capping each other's bids with monotonous regularity, while the rest of the company sat silent with the secondary excitement which high gambling always begets amongst the onlookers. The bidding mounted up and up, five pounds at each jump, until it seemed it would never stop. At three thousand pounds Colonel McClure suddenly gave way.

"I'm out of it," he said, pausing to mop his red face with a big silk handkerchief, and sucking hard at a huge sherry cobbler crowned with small icebergs, that stood beside him, "this is too hot for me! Any bidding after three thousand?"

"Three thousand and five," said the judge, in a dogged voice.

"Guineas," shouted Bob Eyre defiantly.

That settled it. There was a long, breathless silence. The judge seemed to hesitate for a moment. A bid hung poised on the tip of his tongue; then with an angry movement he abruptly turned his back on the auctioneer.

"Three thousand one hundred and fifty bid," Colonel McClure went on imperturbably. "Any bid after that? Now's your time, gentlemen, to make your fortune; going for a trifle, the chance of a lifetime. You will be cursing to-morrow when our young friend here rakes in the pool. Going! going! gone! The 'high field' to Robert Evre, Esq., for three thousand one hundred and fifty to be paid into the pool."

It was thought that the auction of the "Low Field" would be a very tame business after this. The "low field" seemed so plainly out of the running, that it was thought that the Colonel could buy it for a song; but a surprise awaited the company.

Mr. Rhondel, who had been drinking silently and steadily while the auction was in progress, apparently impervious to the excitement around him, now suddenly took a hand in the game.

To all present it seemed a case of a born gambler suddenly breaking loose from the curb of self-restraint, and letting himself go. He bid with mad recklessness. Bob Eyre had been cool and prudent by comparison.

The company looked on in amazement. It was a duel to the death between two men—Mr. Rhondel and the auctioneer. At first Colonel McClure was inclined to jest at his opponent as the bidding mounted rapidly.

"All the better for the pool, boys," he said with a side wink to Bob Eyre, who sat at his right exulting in his own "dead cert'."

But when Mr. Rhondel took to piling it on fifty at a time, the jovial Colonel's manner changed. His face hardened; he threw away his cigar, put aside his sherry cobbler, called for a brandy and soda, and went to work doggedly.

There was not a second's interval between the bids, and the total mounted with bewildering rapidity. It was a fierce contest, but a short one—the pace was too hot to last.

At four thousand and fifty Mr. Rhondel

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suddenly collapsed, and, after a long delay and many urgent appeals to the company to come in and make their fortunes—"It was just picking up money"—the jovial Colonel, his good-humour now completely restored, knocked the "low field" down to himself.

Then there was the reaction after the excitement. The high figures had sobered the company. Through the dead silence the clear, incisive voice of Judge Everly was heard:

"This is a big gamble, gentlemen," he said, "and a ready-money business, I take it. There should be about seven thousand three hundred all told in the pool. I vote that we settle up and appoint a stakeholder before we part."

There was a murmur of approval. "I'm agreeable," said Bob Eyre, "I will pay in at once spot cash. I beg to nominate Mr. Rhondel as stakeholder, as he is out of the gamble."

"I will be glad to have Mr. Rhondel if he has no objection," said Colonel McClure cordially, "though he did push me to the pin of my collar that time. Another fiver and I would have knocked under. But I love a stout fighter."

Thereupon Mr. Rhondel, whose excitement seemed to have completely fallen away when he was knocked out of the bidding, declared his readiness to act.

Several of the men retired to their cabins for cheque-books or money. Eventually the entire amount to the last penny was paid over to Mr. Rhondel

There were several cheques, but Bob Eyre, Colonel McClure, and Judge Everly, who between them contributed more than nine-tenths of the pool, plumped down spot cash.

Mr. Rhondel gave a receipt for the money and left the saloon, one pocket bulging with a huge roll of notes and cheques to the tune of seven thousand three hundred pounds, and the other with a heavy revolver of the latest pattern

He had a few minutes' talk with Mrs. Eyre, who was seated in the starlight waiting for the news of the final gamble, and to whom he gave a brief and graphic description of the exciting scene in the smoking-room.

"Three thousand guineas!" said the little woman dolefully. "How many dollars in that, I wonder?"

"Fifteen thousand, seven fifty," replied Mr. Rhondel promptly.

"That makes it sound a deal worse. Fifteen thousand seven fifty dollars gone in a snap of the fingers to the bottom of the sea!"

"Don't say that, young woman. See, I've got it here in this pocket-book, with a lot more of other people's money."

"I've a great mind to rob you."

"Better not." He showed the butt of a big revolver protruding from his pocket.

"Sit further away," she cried in affected fear, "the brute might go off; besides, I'm ashamed of your getting mixed up in things of this kind, and encouraging Bob to scatter his dollars. At your age, too!"

"What would you say if I handed the pocket-book and all its contents over to you to-morrow?"

"You don't mean it, of course, but I could almost kiss you if you did."

"I hate that word 'almost.'"

"And I hate that word 'if.'"

"If I drop out 'if,' will you drop out 'almost'?"

"Sure."

"Good-night, then, and mind, I'll keep you to your word. I've an early start to-morrow morning. The parson chap has arranged with Anderson, the chief engineer, to show him over the engines and machinery at eight o'clock, and I'm going, too. Halloa, Mr. Anderson!"

A stout, dark-bearded man with a clever, resolute face, passed them, peering into the semi-darkness as if in search of somebody.

"Yes, I'm here and want a word with you," said Mr. Rhondel. "Good-night again, Mrs. Eyre, and don't forget your promise."

The two men walked up and down the full length of the deck half-a-dozen times at least, talking earnestly.

"It's the only way," Mr. Rhondel said at last.

"And a dang good way, too," retorted Sandy Anderson, "if you're right in the rest. I'm your man to the finish. You do your part. I'll do mine. See you to-morrow morning at eight; meanwhile take care of yourself."

An early party of five curious sightseers, including Mr. Rhondel and the parson, passed through a long passage to the steerage decks where already a number of the early rising Irish "boys" and "colleens" were strolling affectionately in couples, and talking, doubtless, of the old land.

"This way, gentlemen," said Mr. Anderson, and opened a door that led to a long iron staircase running down to the hollow womb of the big boat.

The chief engineer welcomed them heartily

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to his kingdom of steel and steam. Looking down through the open iron work at the hard-working giants in the yawning cavern, they had only a vague, confused vision of rushing pistons and revolving cranks. But Mr. Anderson led them down the interminable iron steps to the very den of the monsters.

He answered all questions with the pride and delight of a fond father, when his clever children show off before strangers. Because his admiration of those wonders was the most demonstrative of all, the Rev. Abel Lankin came in for most attention. The curate was like a child in his frank surprise and delight at the steel miracles around him.

He pointed to one of two huge columns of polished metal a hundred yards long that ran from the engine-room right through the stern of the steamer.

"That's the rod of the screw," said Mr. Anderson.

"Rod!" cried the Rev. Mr. Lankin in amazement, "it's more like a church pillar. What does it do?"

"It pushes this big ship, twenty-three thousand tons of steel without the extras, through the sea, rough or smooth, it doesn't

The two men walked up and down the full length of the deck half-a-dozen times at least, talking earnestly.

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matter which, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Takes it easy, doesn't it? Put your hand there."

Mr. Lankin touched the shiny steel with timid fingers.

"It doesn't seem to move at all," he said.

"Oh, it moves right enough, or this ship wouldn't move. The surface is so smooth you don't feel it. Easy on," he added laughingly, as Mr. Lankin stepped from the gangway down beside the revolving column, "easy there, or you will burst your way through. There's no more than three-quarters of an inch of steel between your foot and the ocean."

"Am I so near the surface?"

"You are twenty feet under the surface, sir, and that's as near as you want to go to land in that direction I'm thinking. Come along, there are other things worth seeing."

But Mr. Lankin wouldn't budge an inch.

"What are those little holes for?" he said.

"For oil," Mr. Anderson answered good-naturedly, as humouring a child.

"And if you don't put oil in?"

"The metal would get red hot, maybe melt, and someone would have a wigging, you bet."

At last Mr. Lankin tore himself away, and followed with the exploring party through the great cavern lit with electric light, and fresh and cool with clean ocean air sent down through the ventilating shaft that captured the Atlantic breezes a hundred feet overhead. The fascination of the great propeller shaft, however, still held the curate's imagination amid all the mechanical marvels of this cave of mystery. The white-hot furnaces, the swinging cranks, the purring dynamos, could not capture his attention.

He crept quietly back for a last look before he returned with his party to the upper air. Mr. Anderson was plainly impatient at the delay.

"You should keep with the party, sir," he said sharply, when the meek little curate showed himself at last, "you might easily get hurt by the machinery."

Undeterred by this sharp rebuke, and with a muttered apology that he had forgotten his cigar-case, Mr. Rhondel bolted back into the hold.

The genial Mr. Anderson tugged at his short beard irritably, but he said no word. Mr. Rhondel was back again in a moment, his cigar-case ostentatiously in his hand. He muttered a few words of apparent apology to Mr. Anderson that were inaudible to the rest of the company.

But whatever he said failed to bring Mr. Anderson back to good-humour. The genial guide was suddenly transformed into the curt official.

"Kindly show these gentlemen their way back," he said sharply to one of his subordinates. "I've got my work to attend to."

Without a word more he turned his back on the party and went swiftly down the long ladder to his own restless dominions.

The party had scarcely got safely up to the deck when a strange thing happened. The throbbing and heaving of the giants in the hold, which day and night sent an incessant tremor through the huge bulk of the vessel, suddenly ceased. Swiftly and smoothly at first, and then slowly and more slowly, the great ship slid forward over the smooth sea till at last she lay quite still—

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Then a wild hubbub arose amongst the passengers.

In less than a moment the captain was down amongst them, cheerily assuring them that there was not the slightest danger. There had been some slight trouble with the machinery, which would be put right in less than no time.

Still the ship lay motionless for a long hour, and the excitement amongst the gamblers was every moment more intense. Colonel McClure puffed himself out triumphantly, taking all the credit of the hindering accident to his own sagacity.

"I knew the 'low field' could not lose," he said. "What have you chaps to say for yourselves now?"

"Luck, pure luck," grumbled Bob Eyre, who every moment saw his chance slipping away from him. "Bar accident the 'high field' was a sure thing; but there's no fighting against luck."

"Accidents will occur in the best regulated ships," chuckled the Colonel.

He seemed a bit disappointed when, after about an hour, the big ship began again to slip through the waters, slowly at first, but with momentarily increasing speed. He took out his gold repeater.

"I reckon," he said, "she has lost a good twenty miles by her trouble, whatever it was. The pool is as good as mine."

At about half-past eleven Mr. Rhondel appeared on deck hastily, and gathered the Judge and the Colonel and the rest interested

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in the pool into the smoking-room. He seemed nervous and excited.

"I have found something out," he said, "from Anderson, which I want you all to hear—especially you, Judge; and you, Colonel, as you are the most interested. I want your advice."

"Get up on the table," cried the Colonel good-humouredly. "Some of you chaps shut the door, and don't let anyone else in. We don't mind the ladies, bless 'em, but we don't want eavesdroppers. Now, my boy, fire away!"

Mrs. Kitty Eyre had come into the room with Miss Phœbe Everly and two or three other ladies. But there was no sign of the Rev. Mr. Lankin, and all knew whom the Colonel wished to keep out.

Mr. Rhondel, mounted on a table, looked round at the eager circle of listeners till his eyes rested on Colonel McClure and Judge Everly, who stood close to the table together. He startled them by his first words.

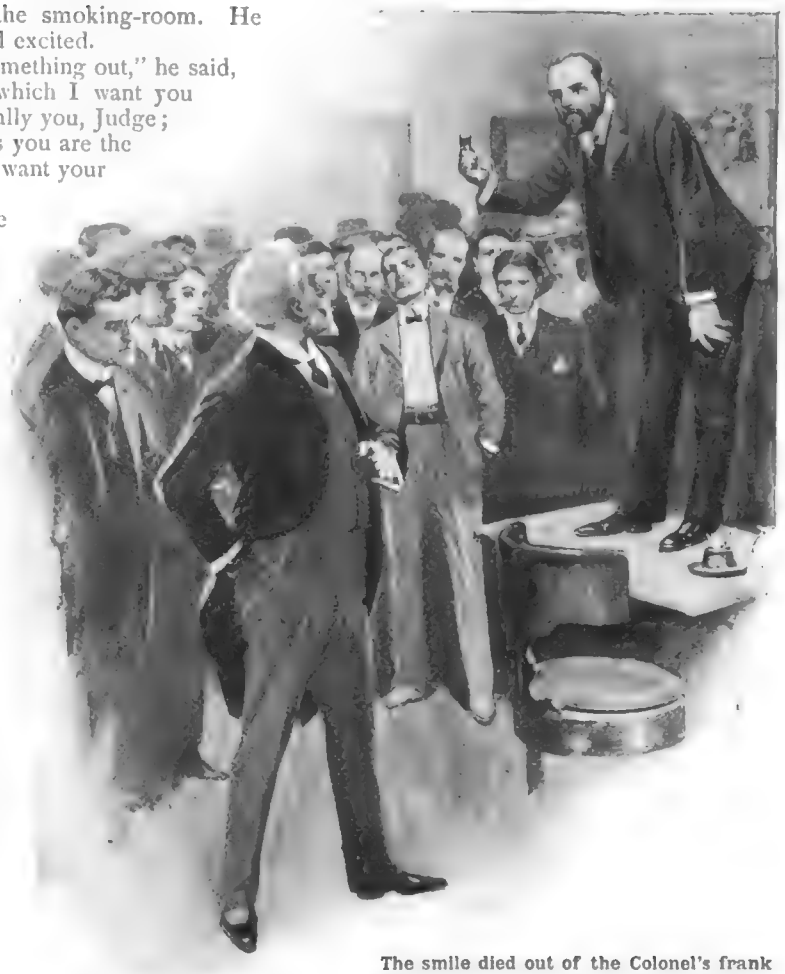
"There has been foul play," he said—"the machinery in the ship's hold has been tampered with. That's how the vessel was stopped."

The smile died out of the Colonel's frank blue eyes—the genial face set hard. As if by instinct, his right hand went down to a hip pocket that held his weapon.

"Have a care, sir," he snapped out—"have a care. Do you accuse any gentleman here of foul play?"

But Mr. Rhondel went on, bland, conciliatory, unabashed.

"Certainly not, Colonel — most certainly not, Judge. I accuse no one, I only state the facts. After the chief engineer had shown a party of us over the hold this morning, this was found sticking in one of the holes for oiling the screw rod." He held up for all to see the half of an hour-glass, full of sand.



The smile died out of the Colonel's frank blue eyes. . . . As if by instinct his right hand went down to a hip pocket that held his weapon.

"How do you know it was found?" queried the Judge.

"Well, I, myself, found it. I went back for my cigar-case, and found it. Only just in time—a minute more and the machinery would have been white hot, and would have melted with the tremendous friction, and the vessel stopped for the day. As it was, there was an hour's delay to clean and oil."

"Well," said the Colonel briskly, "assuming

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all this rigmarole is true—what have we got to say to it?"

"What about the stakes I hold?" queried Mr. Rhondel, "are the bets off? I wanted to make sure before the day's run is announced."

"Not likely," roared the Colonel. "I'm too old a campaigner to be diddled in that style. If 'low field' wins, I take the pool."

"Hear, hear!" cried two or three of the men who had got low figures, and fancied their own chance. Then Judge Everly spoke out sharply.

"The gamble was unconditional," he said, "every man is entitled to his chance. I have no interest in the thing one way or the other."

"I say so, too," chimed in Bob Eyre, "a bet is a bet, and I'm not the one to squeal if the luck goes against me."

That settled it. There was a general murmur of assent.

"Then the figure of the day's run takes the pool," said Mr. Rhondel. "I've no objection to that; I only want to know are you all agreed?"

"All!" they cried with one voice.

He looked at his watch, still standing on the table.

"In five minutes the captain will be here to tell us the day's run."

The five minutes seemed five hours, so intense was the excitement. A low buzz of talk was in the air, like the eager whispering of a swarm of bees. It ceased in dead silence when the captain's handsome face showed at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried in a pleasant voice that filled the silent room, "I've good news for you. In spite of the little trouble this morning we've made the record of the voyage. The run is 521 miles. I will have the figure marked on the chart."

The door had closed on him before the amazement in the room had found its voice. The impossible had happened—the "high field" had won!

"Three cheers for Bob Eyre," someone cried suddenly, and the cheers were given with a will that showed how popular was the winner.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried Mr. Rhondel again, and there was a new and dominant note in his voice that instantly captured attention. "You would like to know the answer to this riddle—perhaps I can help you to guess it. Don't go, Colonel, don't go, Judge, my remarks are particularly intended for you. Have you ever heard of a Mr. Beck?—Paul Beck at your service." He plucked off his brown beard as he spoke, and whisked away a pair of bushy eyebrows, and his face seemed to change its expression, almost its features. Mr. Rhondel disappeared—Mr. Beck arrived.

"Ha! I thought so," he exclaimed—for the two men stared at him open-mouthed. "I have met the Judge and the Colonel before, and it's pleasant to be remembered by old friends. Well, the Blue Star Company were kind enough to think I would be useful on board. There had been too much professional gambling on their ships of late.

"Somehow, when I saw you so keen on the 'low field,' I thought it possible that something might happen to the machinery this morning—coincidences are always occurring. That's why I made you pay for your fancy. My good friend Anderson ran the ship at extra speed all night, in case by any chance there might be an accident in the morning. It was Mr. Lankin who left this pretty little toy behind him by accident in the engine-room. Lucky, wasn't it, that I found it before it had done much harm. You don't know Mr. Lankin, of course, Colonel; nor you, Judge? He just played this monkey-trick off his own bat for the fun of the thing. Never had a thought about the 'low field' when he did it. No one would suggest such a thing as collusion. But we needn't go into that, need we? As Judge Everly said just now, it was an unconditional gamble. The stakes go by the figure, and the 'high field' scoops the pool."

There followed a shout of applause and laughter, for Mr. Beck's exposure was complete. The Colonel and the Judge cut very sorry figures as, self-confessed swindlers, they sneaked out of the room. All were delighted at the neat way in which the tricksters had been caught in their own trap.

"There only remains," went on Mr. Beck suavely, "to pay over the cash to Mr. Eyre—or rather, if he will allow me, to his wife, who has kindly promised me a receipt in full."

Kitty, who had listened delightedly to the rogues' discomfiture, started at the sound of her own name, looked up and met the challenge in his eyes, and remembered her promise of the night before.

Blushing and smiling, she flashed back her answer to the challenge, and said saucily in her dainty drawl:

"Sure."

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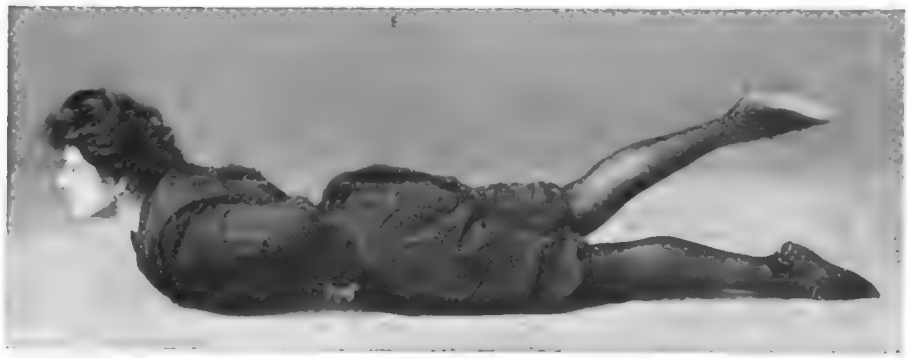
The Woman Beautiful



A good exercise for reducing the hips is to lie on the floor and kick out either leg in turn.

No. VII.—HOW TO REDUCE THE WEIGHT.

By Augusta Prescott.

The Difficulty of Reducing Their Weight is Keenly Felt by Many Women at the Present Time. Explicit Directions for Becoming Thinner are Given in This Article.

There are women in the world who are too stout. There are men, too, for that matter. But the burden of stoutness falls more heavily upon a woman than upon a man.

The most serious thing about the fat woman is her degeneration from the standard of beauty. She soon ceases to be good-looking. For every pound of fat she has added a year to her age. She loses her girlishness, loses her "lines," loses her grace, and ceases to be even stylish. Nothing fits her; nothing looks well upon her. She is too fat.

It was a well-known Society woman who, panting into the consulting-room of a Harley Street physician, said: "Doctor, what can I do to get thin?"

"Walk round Hyde Park every day," replied the great man, "and don't drink while you are eating."

The advice would have been good if it had been possible to follow it.

But the trouble with the fat woman is that she cannot walk; a tramp round Hyde Park daily would be as impossible as a trip daily to the moon. She actually could not perform it. Her feet and ankles, her legs, and her back would refuse to work. As for going without drink at her meals—well, ask any fat woman how impossible that is! She would choke!

The remedy for the fat woman—and by fat woman is meant one who is really too stout for good looks—is a slow one. She must work by easy stages, noting her progress as she goes along. She must be content with a few ounces off per day—perhaps not even so much; and she must be hopeful.

She must exercise; exercise comes first. Secondly, she must diet; diet plays a very important part in the reduction *rôle*. Thirdly, she must massage; massage is very useful if performed in the right way.

A London specialist, who has reduced hundreds of women, principally actresses, singers, and Society women, has this to say about reduction:

"I take it for granted that every fat woman is a bundle of nerves. I know that her skin is tender and her flesh very soft and easily bruised. I know that her susceptibilities are highly developed. She is sensitive to surroundings and influences. She is inclined to be hysterical, and it is very seldom that she is in good health.

"Knowing this, I begin with the open-air cure for her. I set her walking round, say, the square in which she lives. The first day she walks once round; the second day, twice; the third day, three times, and so on. She keeps it up until she can walk ten or

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First week of treatment: Lift the foot until the upper part of the leg is at right angles to the waist, and continue for five minutes with each leg in turn.

twelve times round the square. Then she goes back and begins all over again, meanwhile taking certain home exercises and treatment.

"I find that my patients nearly all lace too tightly. Their muscles are bound in by steel. Frequently also the fat women are tightly clasped around the throat; and I have known them to wear tight shoes. Put together in this manner, she cannot reduce her weight. She must begin by letting out her clothing until it is actually loose. In this condition her muscles have full play.

"I advise fifteen minutes' swift massage twice a day. Slow massage develops. But the quick, hard strokes will reduce.

"I advise the taking of five-minute home exercises three times a day—not longer, nor oftener.

"I advise the eating of vegetables, fruits, and light foods, without too much starchiness. These, with little meat, will give just the right diet. In the way of drinkables, the stout woman can drink like a fish two hours after meals and two hours before. But no nearer and no oftener.

"In the matter of smaller details, I advise the utmost care. The fat woman should breathe pure air. Hot, close air seems to fatten a woman. House-workers and those who are in the kitchen are generally stout. This is because they eat frequently and irregularly, and because they breathe hot, close air. The lungs and muscles do not seem to work well in such an atmosphere, and the fat accumulates.

"I cordially advise all fat women to eat

Second week: Stand erect, put both arms behind the back, and lift weights.

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tranquilly. Never quarrel at the table; never get excited; think pleasant thoughts; and eat slowly, and not so very much. Let your food digest."

The professional gentleman, had he been so inclined, might have gone further into his professional secrets, which, by the way, consist largely of exercise. But, as he did not do so, here they are, exactly as told by a woman who was a pupil of his, and who took off seventy-five pounds in a very short time.

Third week: Bend one knee double, stretch out the other leg straight, place one hand flat on the floor, and stretch the other out behind.

The treatment begins with an exercise. This is the walking step. Put on a gymnasium suit, consisting of a blouse and a short skirt; and, with the waist and neck very loosely fastened, walk round the room. Open all the windows wide, place the hands upon the hips, and walk.

The rule is to lift the foot until the upper part of the leg is at right angles to the waist. Five minutes of this work will tire out the stout woman. But let her not be discouraged. It is her first day's task.

Following weeks: Without bending the knees, lean forward until your finger tips rest on your toes. To begin with the aid of a chair may be called in, but this should soon be abandoned.

The fat woman must be weighed daily. A pair of bath-room scales, costing about £2, may seem an extravagance, but they will repay her in the long run. On the scales she can hang a card, and on the card she can note her daily progress. It will act as a great encourager to her.

After she has "walked" five minutes she will be overheated. She must now close the windows, put on dry clothing, and massage quickly and heavily for five minutes. The massage should be done with the flat of the hand, and should be downward over the hips, using hard strokes, as if one were trying to pound the fat away.

The fat woman's second-week exercise—for she must "walk" every day for the first week—is to stand erect, putting both arms behind her, and lift weights. This will seem impossible at first. But, if she will do as directed, she will have little trouble.

Take two light dumb-bells and tie them to the opposite ends of a skipping-rope. Lift the rope in your hands, swinging the dumb-bells over your head, and lower them as far at the back as you can. Do this just six times. In the afternoon try it six times again. Repeat the exercise, walking up and down as you do so, every day for a week, followed by a quick massage of the hips.

The diet, meanwhile, should be this: For breakfast, one cup of what one likes to drink; two eggs, and one small roll. If preferred, one may take a chop or a cereal. For luncheon, nothing at all except a pint of milk sipped hot. For dinner, supposing the fat

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Skipping with a big wooden hoop is splendid exercise.

woman dines at night, there may be three vegetables, one kind of meat, and some green food. Nothing to drink. If thirsty when exercising, the fat woman can take a mouthful of fruit, which quenches the thirst well.

By the third week she is ready for the bending work.

Her first bending exercise is the knee exercise. To perform this, bend one knee double, stretch out the other leg straight, place one hand flat on the floor, and stretch out the other behind. Try this with both knees.

The other bending exercises which the stout woman will find herself able to perform in the next few weeks are these:

The side-to-side bending motion. Put all your weight on one foot, and bend to one side until your hand nearly touches the floor. Repeat this motion by bending on the other side in the same manner.

The all-fours bending movement should follow. Stand erect, fill your lungs with good fresh air—for all the windows must be open. Then, without bending your knees, lean forward until your finger-tips rest on the tips of your toes. Stand thus a second, then bend the knees, lay the hands flat on the floor, and run round the room on all-fours.

On off days, when the fat woman does not feel like exercising much, she can take the schoolgirl's exercise. Clad in a gymnasium suit, she can skip through a hoop.

The woman who is trying to take off her flesh must learn deep breathing. She must wear her strings loose, and she must try to keep her poise. When dressed for the evening, or for a walk, let her stand erect and stretch out her arms. Then let her take three long, deep breaths. This will get the lungs in good working order.

Remember: that a quick, hot bath in a good bath-vinegar will reduce the weight.

That, while reducing, you must stroke your muscles with a good astringent lotion to keep them from getting baggy and flabby.

That you must not sleep more than seven hours at night, and not at all during the day.

That late suppers and eating between meals are impossibilities.

That discouragement is your worst foe.

And that all women can be thin if they want to be, for fat is easily removed.

When dressed for the evening stand erect and stretch out the arms. Then take three long, deep breaths.

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The Story of a Marriage Lottery.

By Ruby M. Ayres.

Betty sat in the swing and stared up at the cherry blossom overhead.

She was exceedingly angry with me, and took no pains to hide the fact.

I was exceedingly angry with her too, but, being wise, took *great* pains to hide the fact.

Three minutes ago she had declared she would *never* speak to me again.

Never is a long day, but I waited patiently.

"You haven't the least right to find fault with me," she said after exactly two seconds—I timed it!

"I suppose," I submitted, "that anybody has the right to try and save a person who is walking blindly into the sea?"

"I am not walking blindly into the sea," she declared. "And if I were . . . I can swim."

"In smooth water perhaps," said I. "Not in a whirlpool; but, of course, if you don't wish to be saved——"

"You are not the only man who can swim," said Betty rudely.

"No," I agreed. "Smithers held the Amateur Swimming Cup for two years, and Jonson dived off Margate Jetty once to save a boy who had fallen over. . . . Doubtless when they see you in the whirlpool of your own foolishness they will plunge to the rescue."

"Doubtless," said Betty loftily.

"And while they are fighting as to who shall have the honour of saving you, you will drown," I said nastily.

Betty smiled.

"There is a saying," I remarked, "that 'between two stools one comes to the ground'—and the ground is not a soft place."

"They have as much right to live as you or I," she declared.

"Exactly," said I. "But not in your immediate corner."

"Anyone would think you were jealous," said Betty.

"I am not responsible for what anyone would think," I answered hastily. "And I am not in the least jealous."

I was, horribly—but I was not going to let Betty know it.

We sat in silence. A little puff of wind sent a shower of blossom about Betty's head. It made me think of the day when she would be a bride—the day when Smithers, or Jonson, or some other idiot would carry her off in triumph.

I sighed. Betty looked up—or, rather, down, seeing that I was sitting on the grass at the foot of the swing.

I had known Betty all my life; not so many years ago we had both squashed into that same swing and played at sweethearts.

"Why did you sigh?" she inquired interestedly. "There is only one thing that makes a man sigh . . . being in love!"

"Indigestion might," I said romantically. "And I read somewhere once that 'love is merely a form of indigestion.'"

"Some horrid man said that," Betty declared.

"And some horrid woman made him say it," I retorted.

"Mr. Smithers says that love is the most

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beautiful thing in the world," said Betty resentfully.

"Smithers is an idiot," said I.

"There are a great many about," said Betty sententiously. She looked at me.

"And nothing makes a man an idiot so quickly as falling in love," I said.

"Don't do it then," said Betty promptly.

"I shall not," I replied. It seemed superfluous to explain that I had already done so.

"Bob," she said suddenly, "why are you so anxious for me to get married?"

"Well," I said, "I naturally wish to see you happy."

"Humph!" said Betty enigmatically. "That is why you want me to marry two men I don't care for."

"I don't want you to marry two men," I retorted. "And I thought you cared for them both."

"So I do . . . that's why I can't marry either."

"Give them both up, and try somebody else," I suggested.

"There isn't anybody else," said Betty mournfully, as if it were a matter for great regret.

"I should hope not," said I warmly.

She looked at me angrily.

I rolled over on the grass, nearer to the swing, and the little, brown-shod feet that swung a couple of inches from the ground.

"Let us take a survey of the case," I said in a business-like way. "Let us weigh the relative merits of Smithers and Jonson, and see if we cannot strike a balance."

Betty said nothing.

"Now take Smithers first," said I. I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and wrote "SMITHERS" in large letters on the top of one page, and "JONSON" in large letters on the top of another.

"Smithers is six feet tall," I began, in the voice of an auctioneer bringing the points of a fine animal before a crowd of possible buyers. "Fairly good-looking, sought after by most mothers with marriageable daughters, income—well, moderate; temper, fairly good; brains, nothing to speak of"

"He's every bit as clever as Mr. Jonson," said Betty, on the defensive.

"Very well," said I. I scratched out "nil" which I had written against "brains" beneath Smithers' name. "We will now give Jonson a turn. . . . Height, five feet four——"

"Five," corrected Betty.

"Five," I echoed obediently. "Military moustache, waxed."

"He only waxes it occasionally," she interrupted.

I took no notice.

"Heroically saved the life of a boy off Margate Jetty," I continued mechanically. "Income, princely; keeps one of the finest motor cars in the county; manners, effeminate——"

"He's a perfect gentleman," she declared.

"Manners, perfect," I corrected. "Wears an eyeglass . . . can't pronounce his r's . . . can't play tennis . . . knows nothing about football or cricket . . . writes verses like——"

"How did *you* know?" demanded Betty irately.

"He showed them to me," I answered. "Wanted me to tell him a word that rhymed with Betty. I suggested Jetty — Margate Jetty, you know."

"You are perfectly detestable," she declared. She frowned and looked up again at the cherry blossom.

I forgot my discourse in admiration of Betty's white throat as she leant her head against the rope of the swing.

The silence was unbroken for some seconds.

"Well?" said Betty sharply.

"Well," I continued briskly, "there seems to be little to choose as far as attractions go. I believe Jonson dances—'dances like an angel,' my sister said . . . Smithers, like a baby elephant."

"I adore big men," said Betty quickly.

"I am two inches taller that Smithers," I informed her.

I did not look at her as I spoke. "I also beat him in the Open Handicap," I added.

"I did not know *you* were for competition," said Betty icily.

"I am not," I hurriedly explained. "But I thought you might be interested."

"Which would you advise me to marry?" she inquired, after a long silence. "It doesn't really matter . . . they are both nice, and I suppose I must marry somebody, mustn't I."

"Most women do if they get the chance," I said. "But I should not care to advise you. "Only," I added, remembering my original standpoint, "I do not want to see the day when you——"

"Will come to the ground," she added.

"Exactly," said I.

"No," she mused, "I should not like to come to the ground."

"Of course," I went on, after a moment, "it *really* is no business of mine. But I

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have always taken a brotherly interest in you and——."

"I know of nothing so objectionable as a 'brotherly interest,'" said Betty sharply. "It is nearly always nothing but curiosity, or a love of interfering in somebody else's pie."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Just now you asked my advice," I said.

She looked at me—I looked at her.

I saw a sudden resolution grow in her eyes.

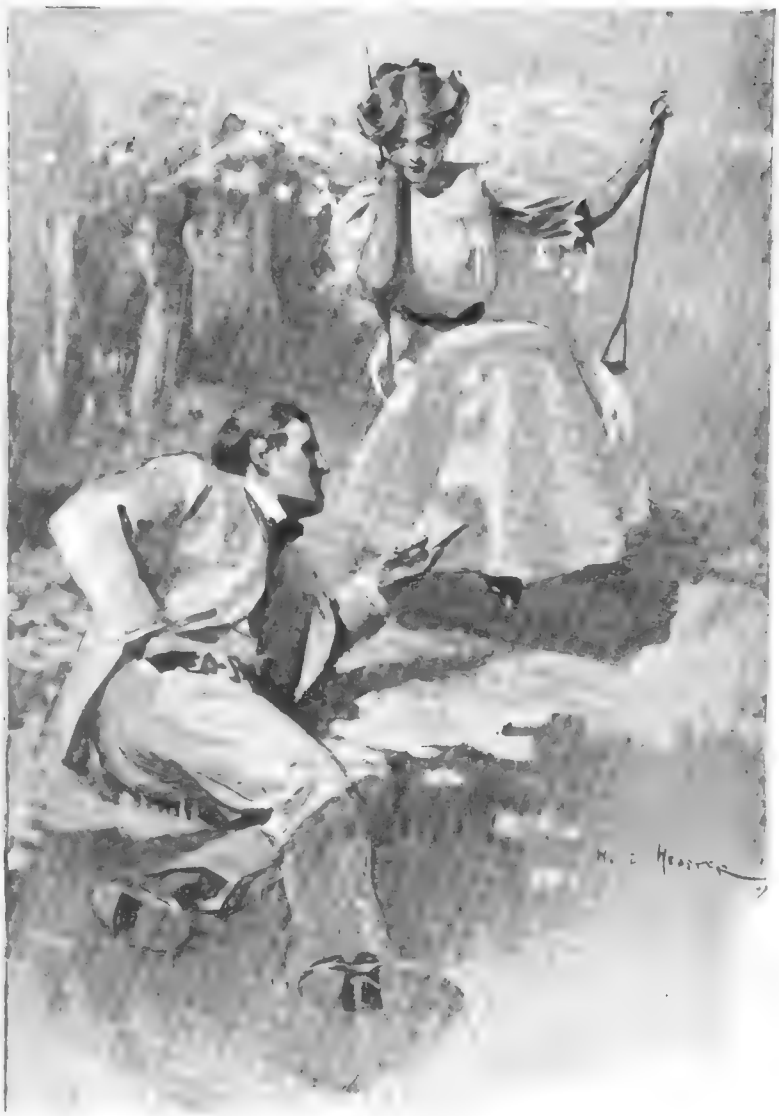
"Very well," she said determinedly. "Seeing that you are so kind as to be interested in my welfare, you shall decide it"

"I will take no responsibility," I said quickly.

When Betty once made up her mind it was hard to make her unmake it.

She treated me to a scornful smile.

"A man is fond of talking," she told me with great wisdom, though I am confident that she was merely quoting from some book she had been reading. "But when it comes to 'doing'—oh, no, he will take no responsibility."



I rolled over on the grass, nearer to . . . the little, brown-shod feet that swung a couple of inches from the ground.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked exasperatedly.

"Have you got sixpence?" said Betty eagerly.

I silently produced one.

"Now you can just toss up," said Betty complacently. "If it's heads, I will marry Mr. Smithers; if it's tails, I will marry Mr. Jonson—and you can be best man."

I sat up with sudden energy.

"Are you sure you would like me to be best man?" I asked, looking at her intently. She coloured, but her eyes did not fall.

"Quite sure," she said determinedly.

"The best man kisses the bride," I said.

"Only with a brotherly interest," she

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We stood facing each other—and her eyes blazed.

answered quickly. "Please don't waste time—I am quite ready."

I calmly replaced the sixpence in my pocket.

"I know a much better way than that," I said interestedly. "I will write their names on a piece of paper, and you shall draw."

I hastily folded a page of my note-book into three slips.

"What is the third for?" inquired Betty suspiciously.

"Blank," said I, scribbling. "If you draw that—well—things will be as they are now."

Betty climbed out of the swing and came to sit on the grass beside me.

The sunlight slanting through the canopy of blossom over our heads found wonderful golden tints in her hair. I tried not to look at her—it was one of the hardest things I have ever attempted.

I folded all three slips of paper into exactly the same size, and put them into the crown of my straw hat.

"Now you must draw," said I.

Betty shrank away, as if I had asked her to put her hand into the fire.

"Oh!" she said. "It's so—so—awful. Supposing I draw the wrong one?"

"Whichever one you draw you'll wish it was the other, I expect," said I ironically. "A woman always does."

She put out her hand slowly.

"You won't be able to go back on your word, you know," I warned.

Betty eyed me scornfully.

"I never go back on my word," she said.

"You mean that you will marry whichever man you draw?" I asked. I hoped she did not hear the nervousness in my voice, or see how my hand shook as I held the hat.

"I mean that I will marry whichever man I draw," said Betty firmly. Our eyes met. "If—if you want me to, Bob," she added weakly.

"Of course I do," said I with brutal cheerfulness. And I'm sure you'll be happy . . . he's a thoroughly decent fellow."

"Who is?" she inquired suspiciously.

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"Both of them," I explained. "Now don't waste time." Betty screwed her eyes up tightly, like a child who is expecting to be hit, and slowly put forward one little, sunburnt hand.

Nearer . . . nearer . . . to my hat it came . . . I held my breath.

"Oh! I can't," she said suddenly. She opened her eyes and looked at me pleadingly.

"Betty," said I sternly, "if you hesitate much longer I shall think that there is somebody else you like better."

Betty flushed scarlet.

"That's the kind of thing you would think," she told me.

"But you're quite wrong . . . I shall be—shall be quite pleased to marry either Mr. Smithers or Mr. Jonson."

Only with great difficulty did I refrain from laughing.

It was a most ridiculous situation.

To think that any woman should be content to "toss-up" to see which man she should marry of two for whom she cared not a whit, and that a man who adored the ground beneath her wilful feet should contentedly sit by and acquiesce, was too absurd—yet it was so.

"I am quite ready now," she announced.

My heart gave a sudden leap, and Betty's hand shot out, and firmly grasped one of the papers.

She held it tightly, without attempting to open it, and looked at me with positive dread in her eyes.

"Well," said I.

She heaved a big sigh, and slowly—slowly unfolded the little paper.

There was a breathless silence; then Betty sprang to her feet—so did I.

We stood facing each other—and her eyes blazed.

"How dare you! . . . how dare you!" she said passionately. "Making fun of me . . . how dare you! . . . when you know you only—only—take—take a b-brotherly in-interest in me. I hate you—I——"

I don't know how it happened—I suppose one never does—but somehow I found my arms round her, and her face hidden against my coat, and I heard a voice saying, which I have since supposed must have been my own:

"Betty!—Betty!—I love you—you know I do. I always have loved you, and—and—oh, Betty, do you think you can ever love me?"

It wasn't a very eloquent thing to say perhaps, but it served, for Betty said—but why should I tell you what she said when it was only meant for me to hear?

Some time afterwards—quite a long time afterwards (you would never believe how long it takes to assure someone that you "really, really love her, and have never, never loved anyone else," and how difficult it is in return for that "someone" to satisfy you that she "really, really loves *you*, and has never, never loved anyone else")—I remembered the other two papers lying in my hat, and I put out a guilty hand and tore them into bits. For I had realised the truth of the saying that "all is fair in love and war," and I had written *my own name* on every one of the papers!

SUMMER ON THE RIVER.

Which season of the year is it
That most appeals to you?
Opinions differ I admit—
It's just the point of view.
That Summer is the one for me
I'll own without a quiver,
For then it is that I shall be
With Phyllis on the river.

Some eagerly anticipate
The advent of the Spring,
For reasons—why enumerate,
When there are bards to sing?
But while I grant the Spring's sublime
(And splendid for the liver),
Give me the sunny Summer-time
With Phyllis on the river.

The votaries of Summer make
A formidable host;
And though the sun be fit to bake,
Or fitter still to roast,
Or though it rain three times a day,
Count me a free forgiver,
So be it fine when well away
With Phyllis on the river.

Some say brown Autumn's hard to beat,
And some you'll find who will
The months of Winter gaily greet,
And revel in its chill!
I find no charm in snowy rime,
It only makes me shiver,
And long for lovely Summer-time
With Phyllis on the river.

R. C. Tharp.

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A WOOING IN THE STONE AGE.

He took his prehistoric axe,
And sought his mastodon;
Then, treading softly in its tracks,
He drove it slowly on—

Until he reached the entrance to
A prehistoric hut.
Through which he crawled without ado.
No gas was burning, but—

He recognised the girl he loved
Although the light was dim.
Her prehistoric father moved.
But one blow settled HIM!

Before his sweetheart's screams had ceased,
He'd dragged the maid outside
And bound her to his faithful beast
With prehistoric hide.

He showed her, later, with a frown,
His prehistoric cave;
And waved her in, then knocked her down
To teach her to behave.

"I want you for my wife," he hissed,
"I hope you acquiesce?"
She eyed his prehistoric fist,
And softly murmured "Yes."

Leslie Thomas.

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Spiders as Pets

Spider-Keeping as an Amusing and Instructive Hobby.

By Henry Hill.

Why are spiders so disliked?

Granted that some of them are ugly; but why on that account condemn them all? As well might the whole human race be so treated because the appearance of the Aborigines of Australia and the Hottentots of Africa is not exactly what one could wish.

For all spiders are not ugly. If we search the fields and hedgerows, or even our gardens, we shall find many of them as handsomely coloured as any butterfly of whose existence we have knowledge. Indeed, it is a curious fact, and one which it would be well if we sometimes remembered, that the ugliest are those found in and around our dwellings; from which, if spiders could speak for themselves, they could reasonably argue that, if environment counts for anything, it is to the extreme ugliness of our houses that we must look for the reason of the existence in them of the least handsome members of their family.

True also that cruelty may be laid to their charge. We should not forget, though, that like us, they have to live; like us, too, they must eat in order to live; and, as with us, they must kill in order to eat. Unlike us, however, they never kill in order to gratify their vanity, but in their slaughter act as one of Nature's agents for our benefit.

So much so is this the case, that a gardener who kills a spider is a man absolutely and altogether unworthy of his calling. For if we study our garden tenants carefully, we shall notice three that—though never themselves guilty of in any way injuring our plants—between them consume a large number of destructive insects.

These philanthropists are spiders, lacewing flies and their larvæ, and lady-birds with their larvæ; and they are true philanthropists, because—unlike birds, wasps, and ants, which certainly destroy insects, but in other ways are harmful in the garden—they accomplish a great deal that is for our benefit, and all that they ask in return is to be left alone.

"Yes, this is all very well!" it may be argued, "but what can there be interesting in spiders as pets? What can they do? How can they be kept? How fed? In short, what is there to know about them?"

Well, to begin with, it is not possible to keep many kinds of spiders as pets. The "garden" spider, for instance, owing to the nature of its web, does not take kindly to captivity, and can be studied best out of doors. As it seldom changes its quarters, many interesting and amusing incidents will reward a little intelligent and patient observation. The jumping spiders, too, owing to their roaming disposition, do not feel at home in confinement, and it is not at any time wise or kind to study the habits of any creature under conditions differing greatly from those of nature.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that the female house-spider, *Tegenaria atrica*, will best repay being kept as a pet; because her general habit is to stay in the same place the whole of her life. Consequently she does not resent confinement as do species with more gadabout dispositions. The would-be husband of the good lady in question, however, does not possess these stay-at-home qualities, and is in fact that long-legged, hairy creature which so often frightens good souls nearly out of their wits by its untimely and alarming appearance in the bedroom and elsewhere during the autumn.

Wonderful indeed are the descriptions generally given as to the immense

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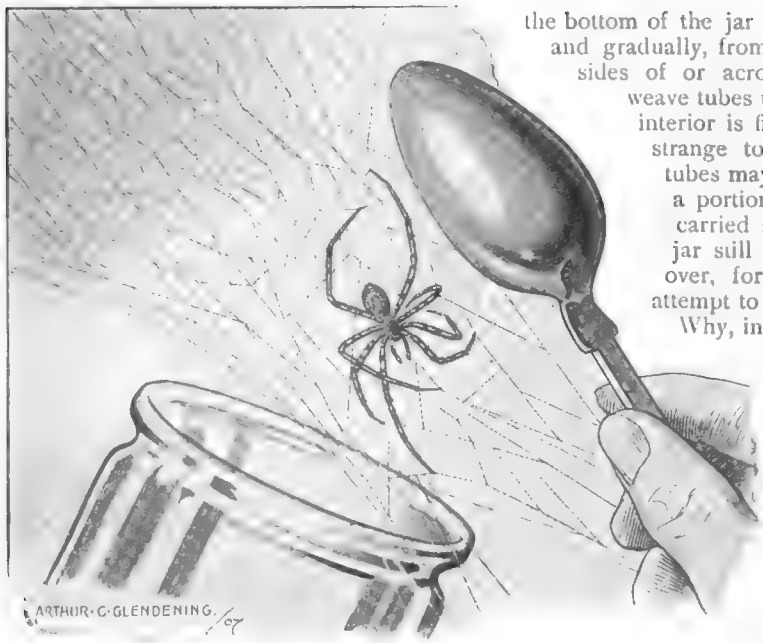

To capture the spider and trap her in a jam-jar, tickle the web with a piece of grass, or something similar. The spider will rush out and seize the grass, when, by holding the jar beneath the web, she can be persuaded, by means of a spoon, to walk into it.

size of some poor victim to ignorance and prejudice. Ignorance, because "the largest spider I ever saw," had it been looked at before being slaughtered, would have been found to have a very small body compared with its long legs; and prejudice, because, being on courtship bent, it was quite innocent of the bad intentions ascribed to it, and for the supposed possession of which its life was forfeited.

Both ignorance and prejudice will, however, rapidly be removed if, about April or May, a full-grown female spider be caught, and put—for want of anything better—into a three-pound glass jam-jar. She will probably have to be enticed from some hole in a dark corner, a by no means difficult feat to accomplish. If her web be carefully tickled with a piece of grass, or something similar, she will nearly always rush out and seize it, and by holding the jar underneath the web she can, with the aid of a spoon, be persuaded to walk into it.

Once in the jar she cannot get out, because her feet are so formed that she is unable to climb a smooth surface, and there is, therefore, no necessity to cover the mouth. If a thin piece of wood be placed as in the illustration she will soon begin to construct round the bottom of the jar a beautiful corridor; and gradually, from this corridor up the sides of or across the jar, she will weave tubes until the whole of the interior is filled with silk. Then, strange to say, although these tubes may reach to the top, and a portion of the web even be carried across the mouth, the jar still need not be covered over, for the spider will not attempt to escape.

Why, indeed, should she want to escape? If regularly fed she enjoys an existence to which she was unaccustomed in her natural condition; for a spider very literally "does not know where its next meal is coming from," and has sometimes to wait days, instead of hours, before it can break its fast. The confinement, too, is not irksome, because, as already explained, in nature the captive not only occupies a small space, but always the same one. Consequently the compunction usually felt with regard to keeping wild creatures in captivity disappears when this spider becomes a pet.

There is, however, another argument in favour of such an apparently uncanny proceeding, and one which can well be recommended to the notice of those who so nobly work amongst the children of the very poor. Such children are often denied the privilege—so longed for by almost every child—of keeping something *alive*, because, however slight the cost, it is beyond their means.

Spiders, though, are everywhere, and a glass jam-jar can surely be easily obtained. More important still, perhaps, to feed such pets costs nothing, for their natural food is only too abundant, especially in the grim surroundings of poverty.

One can, indeed, imagine the delight of some poor cripple-boy at the "doings" of his strange companion; for, as he watches her, he will see that about the middle of May she will begin weaving a sheet of snow-white silk. On this, with infinite patience, she will construct a cocoon, inside which she will lay her eggs, and nothing prettier than this

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operation is to be seen in nature. Having completed her cocoon, a great change will be noticed in her conduct. Instead of roaming according to fancy all over the web, as she has done hitherto, she will stay near the cocoon, and will add others at intervals of about a week, until five or six are made.

As she completes them she adopts a very strange practice, for just as the Indians used to hang the scalps of their unfortunate victims round their wigwams, so she will collect the heads, legs, and wings of the flies she has killed, and fasten them over the cocoons to hide them as much as possible. Very sacred are these egg-sacs to her, as even when feeding she does not leave them, but will bring each newly-caught fly and eat it in close proximity to them.

In two or three weeks the eggs in these cocoons hatch, and some fifty youngsters emerge. They come into the world as *spiders*, and do not undergo a change as is the case with insects. As they grow their skin becomes too tight for them, and before arriving at maturity they cast it several times. This is always a tedious and a weakening process, and for some little while after it is complete the spider is quite exhausted.

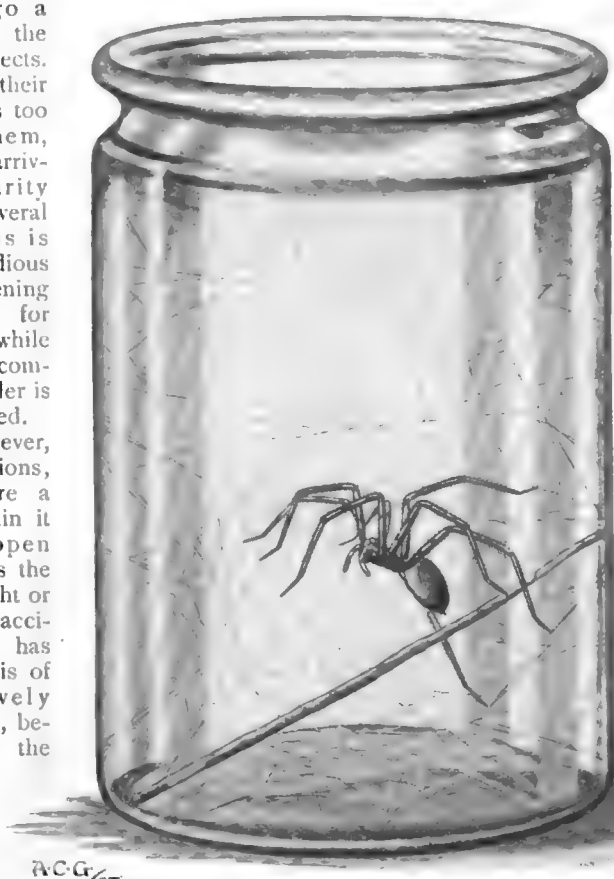
It has, however, its compensations, for, if before a change of skin it should happen that, either as the result of a fight or through an accident, a limb has been lost, it is of comparatively little moment, because when the old skin is cast there is a *new* limb in place of the one which was lost. A most convenient arrangement indeed. Would that it existed amongst ourselves.

"Dear me," somebody may remark, "how *very* interesting; but what becomes of all these spiders?"

That is a question not easily answered. For some days they live with their mother in apparently complete harmony; but one suddenly becomes alive to the fact that they have all disappeared, and what has become of them can only be surmised. Some few, perhaps, may have escaped to take their chance of an existence in a larger world. Many of the others have probably served as a meal for the stronger members of the family, for it is regrettable to have to record that spiders, as a tribe, are the most bloodthirsty cannibals known.

This raises the important point—how is the mother spider fed?

Quite easily, and, as always, the simplest plan is the best. Unfortunately she will not eat anything that is not alive, except in very rare cases. Once a day then—quite often enough—the jar should be taken and a blue-bottle looked for in a convenient position. When one is seen, it should be approached very carefully, and covered cautiously with the mouth of the jar. If this be done sufficiently slowly to prevent any vibration of the atmosphere the victim will not only seldom escape, but will generally fly straight into the jar. A piece of cardboard quickly placed over the



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If a piece of wood be placed thus, the spider will soon begin to construct round the bottom of the jar a beautiful corridor,

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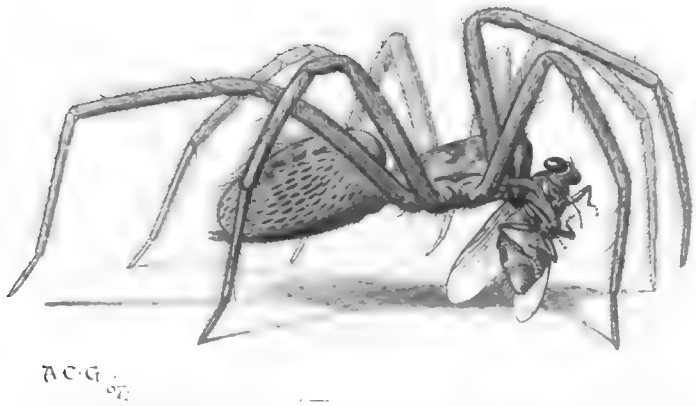


When the spider catches a fly she carries it about as a cat does a mouse until she has finished her meal.

mouth for a few minutes will render it easy for the spider to do the rest.

Now will be the time for those who are interested to watch carefully, for many surprising and extremely interesting facts will be noticed.

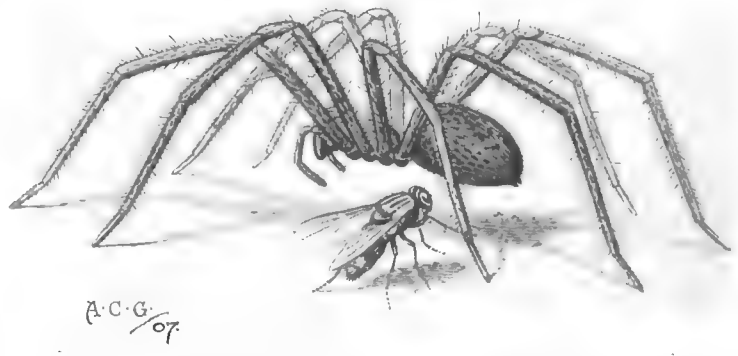
Perhaps the first thing that will strike one is that—unlike the "garden" spider—she does not "wind" the fly, but, holding it with her poison-fangs, carries it about as a cat does a mouse, and keeps it in that position until she has finished her meal. It will then be noticed that, if she is tidy in her habits, she will convey the remains of the fly to a part of her web selected for that purpose—in fact, her dustheap—and will afterwards, as we have seen, collect them to cover her cocoons.

If, though, she is untidy and slatternly, she will leave the heads, legs, and wings lying all over her web until they are wanted. Other little characteristics will force themselves on one's notice. To take an instance, the spider illustrated on the preceding page was a stupid one; for after constructing her corridor of silk she omitted to make the hole to enable her to leave it to get her food, and it was not until one had been cut with a pair of scissors, that she emerged from a prison of her own making, and wove the tube across the jar.

In fact, the most intensely interesting part of these little studies is the acquirement of the knowledge of the great differences to be found between individual spiders of the same species; and many are the surprises—in this and other directions—which await those who may have the patience to pursue them.

One of the greatest of these surprises is that the fly, instead of, as is generally thought, appearing to be in great fear of the spider, acts as though quite the contrary were the case; for if, as sometimes happens, the spider is either asleep or not hungry, the fly will walk round and round the corridor at the bottom of the jar quite unconcernedly, and will actually try to crawl between the spider's legs, or to walk over her back. In fact, the thought will at once suggest itself, can the fly see the spider? Careful observations would seem to point to the conclusion that it cannot do so.

If, however, the fly apparently cannot see



The spider is not able to locate her victim by means of her sight, for if within a fraction of an inch of it she will not attempt to seize it, so long as it is perfectly still.

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its enemy, it will soon be evident that the spider is not able to locate her victim by means of her sight, for if within a fraction of an inch of it she will not attempt to seize it, so long as it is perfectly still. The slightest movement, though, on the part of the fly will vibrate the threads of the web, so giving the spider accurate knowledge of its position, with usually fatal results.

This limitation of sight applies to all spiders which make webs, for it is found that probably in no case can they see beyond their feet. A fact which may be remembered when shrieks are heard coming from the nursery, caused by "such a large spider on the ceiling"; for if the little ones can be brought to understand that the said cause of alarm is quite unaware of their presence, they will soon not only cease to fear it, but quickly learn to take an interest in it; and to be able to rob childhood's early days of even one of its terrors is surely an accomplishment not to be despised.

The spider's inability to see beyond an extremely limited distance also acts very greatly in favour of its being kept as a pet. All wild things alter their habits in captivity, more particularly when watched. The fact, however, that the conditions of the spider's confinement approach so nearly to those of its freer life, and that it is quite unaware that it is being watched, allows it to act entirely as though it were under natural conditions, thus giving us a clearer insight into the domestic life of a very old acquaintance.

It will probably be a surprise to many to know that spiders kept as pets must not only be fed, but must be given something to drink. They can fast for very long periods without apparently being any the worse; but they will not long survive deprivation of moisture. It is quite easy, however, to satisfy their wants in this direction, for if, every two or three days, some water is sprinkled on the web—say from a spoon—the spider will rapidly run up one of her tubes, and, scenting the welcome drops, will, in a pretty, kneeling attitude, quickly drink them. As this spider lives for two or three years, the question will naturally suggest itself as to how she can be fed in the winter, as then, of course, her natural food is not available. No trouble need be anticipated on this account, for if provided with water she will live—as in nature—for several months without touching food. At the time this article was written the particular spider figuring in the first illustration had not eaten anything for five months, although during that period — November to April—she was in a jar from which she could have escaped, had she felt inclined.

There are many other extremely interesting points to be noted in connection with these experiments; but their enumeration would probably deprive anyone caring to pursue the subject of a good deal of the fascination of so doing.

CAN LOVE BE SEEN?

Can love be seen?
Some say it can,
And that it is
A little man:
While others say,
(Seeming to know)
In many forms
They've seen it grow.

May be they have,
But who has yet
Love's very self
Passed by or met?
Had he a voice?
How was he clad?
Had he a face
Merry or sad?

How did he seem—
Well or ill fed?
Had he gold hair,
Brown, black, or red?
Was it cut short,
Curled, or in locks?
Did he wear shoes,
Stockings, or socks?

Were his feet small?
Hands warm or cold?
Eyes dark or fair,
Bashful or bold?—
Will those who say
They have seen Love,
Kindly reply
To the above?

Fred Buckley.

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The Gentleman Burglar

The Story of a Great Mistake.

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

Mrs. Ramsey leant back in her comfortable chair and looked about the beautiful room with appreciative eyes.

Howard Curtis had taste as well as money. His cousin's widow admitted that as she warmed herself at his fireside. Incidentally she made her acknowledgments to a generous Providence, that had brought forward this rich and friendly relative at a time when the problem of comfortable living had become too complicated for her mathematical ability.

She had never really known this favourite young cousin, of whom her husband had talked so often. He was always travelling in some outlandish place—Dahomey, or the South Sea Islands, or Thibet—but evidently, the traveller was loyal to the ties of blood and heart.

He had come hurrying back from the ends of the earth, when disaster overtook the business upon which the Ramsey fortune depended; but he was not in time to save the man whose life went in the wreck of his life's work.

All he could do was to gather the widow and daughter in out of a world that is bitter for women who have known love and protection and luxury, and have lost all three.

The wanderer opened his comfortable old house in town, settled Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter in it, scraped together the pitifully small fragments of fortune that had survived the failure, added enough to the amount to make the total a sum yielding a fair living income, lied stoutly to the two women in order to make them think the money all salvage from the wreck, and then went back to his far countries.

His going was as much of a surprise to Mrs. Ramsey as had been his sudden coming. Even in the first throes of widowhood she was still a mother, and Katharine was exceedingly attractive, and it was the duty of a wealthy bachelor to marry and settle down.

Still, there was something in having one's benefactor roaming Asiatic wilds. To be gracefully but not fulsomely grateful at close range calls for a degree of tact amounting to genius.

The woman before the fire wondered idly whether the traveller would soon be coming back. Katharine was only twenty, but she really should marry by the time she was twenty-two, and she must marry well. Mrs. Ramsey believed in marrying for love, but she also believed in loving a man with money; and now that they were comparatively poor, there would be less chance for the girl to meet eligible men. She was charming enough to make the right impression upon any who did happen her way.

The trouble was—and Mrs. Ramsey sighed as she admitted it—that Katharine was "queer." She cared so little for men, and the only men she did seem to like were usually hopeless ineligibles, men of large ideas and small incomes.

A bell sounded somewhere in the house. There were hurrying steps in the hall, a scratching of matches, the lighting of gas jets, the opening of a door. Then a murmur of voices came faintly to Mrs. Ramsey's ears;

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and, a moment later, a maid appeared in the doorway, followed by a tall man swathed in a long, enveloping overcoat.

The mistress of the house rose, a stately figure in a black evening gown, silhouetted against the fireglow. The

The visitor's face was in shadow; but he came forward with an easy grace.

visitor's face was in shadow; but he came forward with an easy grace that indicated social training, and his voice, when he spoke, was musically deep, a pleasant, well-modulated voice, with a ring of decision under its friendliness.

"The maid tells me that I am intruding upon a cousin of my friend Howard Curtis,"

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the man said with a note of apology in his tone.

Mrs. Ramsey murmured a swift denial.

"A friend of my cousin couldn't possibly be an intruder here. I am sorry Mr. Curtis is not at home to welcome you in person, but you know he is a wanderer.

The stranger laughed.

"Oh, yes, I know; but I heard in Brighton that he was here for the moment, that he had opened his London house, and was presumably going to settle down here for a while. I knew him too well to believe him capable of that, but I did hope I could get a glimpse of him before he started on the long trail again; I've missed him so often and in so many places that I didn't take any chances on missing him this time, and came here straight from the station; but it seems I am too late after all. My name is Sturgis, Richard Sturgis. You may have heard Howard speak of me. He and I have forgathered in queer places and under queer conditions before now."

As the maid lighted the lamps and candles, the shadowy figure resolved itself into a tall, sinewy man, whose handsome, brown face looked oddly young beneath a mop of thick hair, powdered with grey. It was in the smile that the irrepressible boyishness lurked, not in the man's features; for his jaw had a stubborn set, and his grey eyes were the eyes of one who had thought and seen and done.

Mrs. Ramsey warmed to the smile.

"Take Mr. Sturgis' coat and hat," she said to the departing maid; and, as the man made a gesture of protest, she held out a friendly hand to him.

"You must allow me to give you the welcome Howard would want you to have in his home. You will stay and dine with us, I hope. We are not entertaining this winter, but it will be kind of you to bring a bit of the outside world to us."

The boyish smile flouted the grey hair more openly than ever; but the man shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you, and I'd love to stay, but I have an appointment with some men at the club, and——"

He turned slightly and stepped aside at the sound of soft footsteps behind him.

Mrs. Ramsey's face brightened.

"You're late, Katharine. I was beginning to worry. Come in and let me introduce a friend of your cousin Howard's. Mr. Sturgis, my daughter Katharine."

Firelight and lamplight leapt to greet the girl who stood in the doorway; a slender figure all in black, yet dominating the sombre hue, vivid, colourful, sweet with a gay, girlish sweetness that robbed even her mourning garb of its gloom. One might have thought that the clinging black gown, the soft black furs, the shadowing black hat, had been chosen advisedly for the sole purpose of setting off effectively that glowing face.

"I am trying to persuade Mr. Sturgis to dine with us," he heard Mrs. Ramsey saying in some far-off region outside the smile, and he spoke quickly.

"I shall be delighted to stay if you will pardon travelling clothes. I had promised a friend, whom I ran across in the street, to meet him at his club, but he is to have guests, so he will not miss me, and I can join him later in the evening."

The girl had been pulling off her long gloves. Now she turned to go, still smiling that disconcerting little smile.

"I shall not have time to dress for dinner myself. I am shockingly late, but I'll just run and take off my hat and coat. You'll excuse me, Mr. Sturgis?"

She was gone, and the man drew a long breath, as he turned to his hostess. Mrs. Ramsey met his eyes and answered the look in them.

"Yes, she *is* pretty," she said laughingly.

The man threw out his hands in a gesture of indignant protest.

"Pretty!" he said with a quiet intensity that blotted the boyishness from eyes and mouth. "Pretty! She's glorious!"

And the mother straightway dreamed dreams and saw visions as she chatted with her guest. He was good-looking and clever, and since he talked of a yacht on the Mediterranean, and a ranch in New Zealand, and mines in Australia, he must have money.

When Katharine came back to the library, her mother left her alone with their guest.

"I'll tell the servants Mr. Sturgis is dining here," she said, and she did. Also she made some swift but radical changes in the dinner menu, and ordered wine to be cooled. The occasion seemed to warrant extravagance.

Half-an-hour slipped by before she went back to the library, but she had not been missed. The man and girl did not even see or hear her when she entered the room, so absorbed were they in each other; and they came back to things mundane with a start when she spoke.

"Dinner has not been announced, Katharine? We are very late to-night."

The guest sprang to his feet.

"Is it dinner-time? I had not realised it.

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Will you add to your kindness, Mrs. Ramsey, and allow me to tidy myself? As I told you, I was so eager not to miss Howard that I came directly from my train."

Mrs. Ramsey rang the bell.

"Show the gentleman to the blue room, Mary. It was careless of me not to realise that you had been travelling, Mr. Sturgis. Don't hurry."

Katharine was looking into the fire when her mother turned to her.

"Rather pleasant man," said the older woman with studied indifference.

The girl's face flushed.

"He's splendid!" she said, without looking away from the fire; and Mrs. Ramsey's eyes smiled, though her lips remained discreetly grave.

Mr. Sturgis did not stay long after dinner. He went reluctantly, but, as he explained, he did owe something to the friend who had expected him to dinner, and he felt that he must look him up.

"You have been so very good to me," he said, as he bent over Mrs. Ramsey's hand, but his eyes were seeking the girl's eyes. "I can't tell you what it has meant to me; but some time I shall try. You will allow me to come again, won't you? I must leave town tomorrow, but I shall be in London again soon, and if I may come——"

"Your welcome will be waiting for you," said the woman graciously. What the girl said only the man's eyes knew.

Mother and daughter sat by the fire for a long time after their guest left them, but they talked very little. The mother was too wise a woman to force confidences, and the daughter was busy with dreams. But finally the woman rose, yawning behind a white hand.

"Come, dear. It is late."

The two went slowly up the stairs, kissed each other good-night, and separated, going to their own rooms.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Ramsey, clad in a dressing-gown and crimson with excitement, burst unceremoniously into her daughter's room.

"Katharine, where is your jewellery?" she asked breathlessly.

The girl, who had made no move towards preparing for bed, looked up from the *chaise longue* where she was lying.

"My jewellery?" she echoed. "Why, everything except the rings I am wearing is in my jewel-box in that top drawer."

Mrs. Ramsey dragged the drawer out, and opened the box.

"I knew it!" she wailed, sinking down upon the nearest chair. "It's gone too. I haven't a thing left—not even a hatpin. My pearls and that diamond and ruby pendant were in the secret drawer of my writing-desk, but they went with the rest. It's too dreadful. The jewellery was all we had saved, and now it is gone. It couldn't have been Ellen or Annie. They have been with us for ever. I'd as soon suspect you. Someone must have come in while we were at dinner, and——"

She checked herself suddenly, and a vague suspicion dawned in her eyes, battled with incredulity, and conquered.

"Katharine!" she gasped. "That man!"

The girl, who had gone to the dressing-table and was futilely examining the empty jewel-box, turned a puzzled face towards her mother.

"What man?" she asked; but Mrs. Ramsey swept the question aside with a torrent of broken argument and comment.

"No letter of introduction—and he didn't give me any address. And to think I gave him that old Burgundy your father saved for such very special occasions! But he was charming. Nobody could have imagined. It doesn't seem possible—but he did come upstairs. He asked to come—— You heard him ask, Katharine, and he was up here alone for at least fifteen minutes. And then his coming just before dinner, when we would be sure to invite him to stay, and his leaving right after dinner before anything could possibly be discovered. Oh, there's no doubt of it—not a shadow of a doubt!"

Her daughter interrupted her eagerly.

"Why, mother, it isn't possible. He was a friend of Cousin Howard!"

"Friend of fiddlesticks! He didn't tell us a single thing about Howard that couldn't have been picked up from anyone who knows your cousin. I didn't notice it at the time; but you know it's true. He only told us entertaining stories about queer places, and he had our jewellery in his pockets all the time. He fooled me completely. I'll admit that. I thought he was the most delightful man I had met for years. We must telephone for the police."

"Oh! no, mother!" said the girl impulsively; but Mrs. Ramsey was already on the way to the telephone, and a short while after an officer in plain clothes was taking notes concerning the events of the evening.

"Clever game," he commented admiringly. "Sounds like a new man. I don't remember anybody that fills the bill, but it may be one of the old crowd in a new rôle.

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When he went away the two women once more said good-night to each other. Mrs. Ramsey's eyes were wet, and her expression tragic, but her daughter was dry-eyed and philosophical.

"Don't fret, mother," she said cheerfully. "We can live very comfortably without family jewels so long as our credit with the butcher and the baker is good; and, at least, we've had a lively evening. That's worth something."

But when her mother had gone, the girl threw herself down on the bed and hid her face among the pillows. Later, as she sat before the dressing-table, she spoke severely to the young woman in the mirror.

"Serves you right," she said. "Serves you right for being a susceptible idiot—and at your age!"

Then, in answer to a look from the face in the mirror:

"Yes, I know. He—and perhaps, even if he took the things, he did think—but you ought to be ashamed of yourself for caring whether he did or not."

The girl in the mirror frowned assent.

As Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter were finishing breakfast the next morning, the maid brought in a large box.

"From the florist's, ma'am."

"Very well, Annie. Put it down beside Miss Katharine. Open the box, Katharine, there's a dear."

A gust of perfume filled the room as the girl lifted the lid from the box, and Mrs. Ramsey leant forward eagerly.

"Such roses! and such violets! Who could have sent them?"

She opened the envelope that had been tucked in among the flowers, and fell back in her chair with a gasp of astonishment.

"For the good Samaritans who took a stranger in and gave him the happiest evening of his life!" was written upon a blank card, such as florists supply; and the name signed was "Richard Sturgis."

"Well, of all the——"

Words failed Mrs. Ramsey for a moment. Then she laughed helplessly.

"Katharine, I could love that burglar!" she said. "He's a gentleman and an artist."

The girl shook her head doubtfully.

"Do you believe he would have sent them, mother, if he had really been——"

"You'll observe, my dear, that he didn't have any of Mr. Richard Sturgis' visiting cards," Mrs. Ramsey said drily.

Day after day went by, but the detectives made no progress. A Mr. Richard Sturgis was on the membership list of the University Club, and his subscriptions were paid up; but he had not been seen by any of the club officials for years, and if the Ramseys' visitor had dropped in at any other club after the burglary, no trace of him was found. The case had been kept out of the papers, and no one outside the family had been told of it.

"I hate to acknowledge publicly that I am a fool!" Mrs. Ramsey had said to her daughter. "We will not speak of the affair to anyone."

And there was a hint of thankfulness in the voice that answered:

"All right, mother."

A fortnight after the eventful evening, Katharine Ramsey started for Edinburgh to attend the wedding of her old school friend Frances Preston. Her mourning had interfered with her officiating as bridesmaid according to the original plans, and, for a time, she had insisted that she could not go to the wedding at all; but the bride-elect had showered imploring, tear-blotted letters upon her, and Mrs. Ramsey added the force of her persuasion.

"You need a change, my dear," she said. "I have never seen you so restless and depressed. It will do you good to have happy young people around you."

So, on the afternoon before the wedding, Miss Ramsey arrived at her friend's home, and, after a hasty toilette, joined the other members of the house party in the big drawing-room. She had already been welcomed by the daughter of the house, and now she made her way towards her friend's mother, who was presiding over a tea-table near the fire.

At every step the girl was stopped by friendly greetings, and her progress was slow; but at last she reached her hostess, who looked up with a little cry of delight.

"My *dear* child! I am so glad. We feared you might fail us, even at the eleventh hour!"

"I realised that Frances couldn't be properly married without me!" Katharine said gaily; and, at the sound of her voice, a man standing near, with his back towards her, whirled swiftly round, disclosing the astonished face of Mr. Richard Sturgis.

"Miss Ramsey!" he exclaimed in a low, eager voice.

Katharine, who had leant over to kiss the little woman in the arm-chair, straightened suddenly, and a wave of colour swept over her face, and then ebbed, leaving even her lips white.

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Words failed Mrs. Ramsey for a moment. Then she laughed helplessly. "Katharine, I could love that burglar!" she said.

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A score of persons were looking on; Mrs. Preston was saying: "You know Mr. Sturgis? How delightful"; a scene was a hideous thing, and so the girl allowed her hand to lie, for an instant, in another hand, whose touch unaccountably sent absurd little thrills tingling through her nerves, but the eyes she raised to the man's eyes were full of scornful accusation, and she turned from him abruptly.

The eager delight faded from his face, but he waited a moment as though hoping the girl would give him another look. Then, finding that she pointedly ignored him, he moved away, with a frown between his straight brows.

When Katharine did look round he had disappeared from the room, and she drew a quick breath of relief. At least, she need not speak to him or see him again, but what must she do! Speak to Mr. Preston, of course. The man was probably here on the same errand that had brought him to her cousin's house. The Prestons were wealthy. Any amount of handsome jewellery would be among the wedding presents, and the guests would all have valuable jewels with them. The opportunity for burglary was a splendid one. She must warn the family before harm could come.

Mr. Preston, big, genial, fatherly, was standing by the window. Katharine started towards him, and then hesitated. Supposing there were a mistake; supposing the Prestons knew all about him and could prove that the man was above suspicion?

She turned aside and went over to where Miss Preston was giving an order to a servant.

"Frances," she said, when the maid had gone, "this Mr. Sturgis—who is he?"

Miss Preston laughed.

"Another victim for him? He *is* a dear, isn't he? If I weren't going to be married to-morrow I'd be having flutters about him myself! You see, it just happened. He was in Edinburgh on business, and it seems he knew Uncle John out in Australia, and had promised to see us when he came here. So he came round to call, about an hour ago, and father insisted upon his sending for his luggage and staying here with us. The more the merrier, and he's an acquisition. The girls are mad about him! Mother is calling me. Will you come? Going up to rest? All right, dear. You must be tired. Don't come down again until dinner, if you'd rather not. I'll come up for a visit if I can get away."

She ran across the room, and Katharine made her way up the stairs and to her own room.

Of course, she must go down again and tell Mr. Preston. It was perfectly clear. The man was following exactly the same tactics as he had used before; only he was Uncle John's friend instead of Cousin Howard's. She must expose him.

Then, suddenly, a thought came to her. Perhaps he had gone already; or, if he hadn't, he surely would go as soon as he realised that she knew him for the thief of her own property and would guess his purpose here. If he would only go, it wouldn't be necessary for her to tell anyone about him. For some reason or other she did not seem to feel the proper zeal in regard to bringing a criminal to justice. In fact, justice was the last thing she wanted this criminal to have.

Of course, he deserved punishment; but it would be horrible to have him arrested, and that was what Mr. Preston would do. It was the detectives' business to catch the man, not hers. She would send him a note, telling him that unless he left at once she would speak to Mr. Preston about him. Then he would go, and she would never need to see him again—and she sat down upon the bed and cried in a choked, miserable fashion, about nothing at all.

He was brazen, this gentleman burglar, positively brazen. He had actually looked glad to see her; and, remembering the light of welcome that had leapt into his eyes, she choked more hopelessly than ever. It couldn't have been all assumed at such short notice. Perhaps he forgot all about everything else and just *was* glad. Even a burglar might care about——

She sprang up and went to the writing-table She would write to him and have done with it. After fifteen minutes of effort and much destruction of paper she achieved a brief l.o.e:

SIR,

You may imagine that I was surprised to find you among Mr. Preston's guests, but I understand that you obtained admission by a story much like that which imposed upon my mother and me, and I assume that your purpose is the same as that which brought you to our house. Possibly it is my duty to let Mr. Preston know at once whom he is entertaining, but that would make a distressing scene; and, if you will leave the house immediately, I will say nothing about the matter to anyone.

KATHARINE RAMSEY.

The London detectives are searching for you.

It was an unsatisfactory note, and the impulsively added postscript of warning was foolish. Katharine realised that; but she

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sealed the envelope and rang the bell. When a servant came she handed her the note.

"Do you know Mr. Sturgis?"

"Yes'm."

"Give him that note at once. Don't fail to find him. The message is important."

"Yes'm."

The door closed.

So that was finished. Perhaps she had done wrong; but he would go, and that would end the story.

"Life's a very horrid sort of mess anyway," said the twenty-year-old pessimist, *apropos* of nothing, as she dabbed a little powder on a nose distinctly pink.

A few moments later there was a tap at the door.

"Come in."

"If you please, Miss Ramsey, here's a telegram for you. Is there an answer?"

Katharine tore open the envelope and read:

Sturgis theory wrong. Burglar caught confesses our case with others. Most of jewels recovered. Mother.

The girl read the message a second time, and then a third.

"Please, miss, the boy says is there any answer?"

"Oh, no; no answer. Wait a moment, please."

She fumbled in her travelling-bag and produced a time-table. The next train for London would leave in thirty-five minutes. She could drive to the station in twenty. It was an awful thing to do, but it would be a more awful thing to meet him. She couldn't face him! She simply couldn't do it! There was nothing for it but flight. She could make some excuse. The maid would say that she had received a wire.

"Will you have a cab at the back door in ten minutes?" she said to the maid. "I have been called away, but I don't want you to mention it to anyone. I will leave a note for Miss Frances explaining, and it would make such confusion if I were to tell anyone now. Be sure to have the cab."

She thrust half-a-sovereign into the servant's hand, and the fervent "Yes'm!" promised obedience.

Ten minutes later Miss Katharine Ramsey sneaked stealthily down the Prestons' back stairs, bag in hand, climbed into a waiting cab, and rolled off at a swift pace towards the station.

She had been gone about twenty minutes when a man came hurrying from the stables to the house. He was evidently much disturbed, and his face expressed profound bewilderment. In his hand he held a crumpled sheet of paper at which he glanced occasionally, each glance deepening the furrows in his brow and the amazement in his eyes.

In the hall he met Miss Preston, whose pretty face faintly reflected the expression of his own, and who also held a letter in her hand.

"Where is Miss Ramsey?" asked the man abruptly.

Miss Preston's blue eyes filled with tears.

"She's gone, Mr. Sturgis!"

"Gone!" The exclamation was in the nature of an explosion. "Gone where?"

"Gone home—to London. I can't understand it at all. She left a note for me saying she had been called home suddenly and didn't want to disturb us, so she had just slipped off quietly and would write. One of the maids says she had a telegram. I'm afraid something dreadful has happened and she didn't want to tell us for fear of spoiling my wedding. I was just going up to her room. She can't have taken her trunk, but she doesn't say anything about it in her note. This is her room."

The man had followed her and was at her side as she opened the door.

"You see, she didn't take her box—didn't even pick up all her toilet things. She must have gone in a tremendous hurry. Oh, this must be the telegram she got."

She picked up a thin sheet of paper from the floor and looked doubtfully at the man beside her.

"I don't know. Perhaps I ought not to read it. She must have dropped it by accident."

The man took the telegram from her hand without a "by your leave" and read it. For a moment he stood staring at the paper with a puzzled frown. Then, with a queer little laugh, he thrust it into his pocket and turned towards the surprised and indignant girl beside him.

"When's the London train due? Can I catch it? This telegram concerns me, Miss Preston. I'll explain to you some time, but I haven't time now. I must catch that train."

The ring in his voice was compelling. The girl looked at her watch.

"You can't do it, Mr. Sturgis. It's a twenty-minute drive to the station, and the train is due in three minutes."

The teuf-teuf of a motor sounded from the drive, and she ran to the window.

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"There is Bob's car. You might—no, you couldn't do it in less than five minutes even in the car."

The peremptory young man laid a hand unceremoniously upon her shoulder.

"Isn't there some way? Think, Miss Preston. I *must* get that train! There has been a mistake. She's all the world to me! Think!"

The astonished girl rose to the appeal. It was all crazily queer, but one thing was clear. It was a love affair, and any love affair had her sympathy.

"The train stops at W— —. You might catch it there. You have five minutes' start, and Bob has a grand car."

The man was already through the door and on his way downstairs.

"God bless you!" he called back. "Make my excuses. I will write to your father."

"Well, of all the lunatic wedding parties!" said Miss Preston; and as she sank limply into a chair she heard the puffing of an engine and the whirr of wheels speeding down the drive.

A chauffeur was reposing peacefully in Bob Preston's car when Sturgis invaded it.

"We've got to catch the London Express at W——" the invader said curtly. "It's ten pounds for you if we do it."

"B—but Mr. Preston said——" stammered the chauffeur.

"Mr. Preston knows about it," lied the man in a hurry. "Never mind the speed limit now. Catch that train!"

As the London train pulled into the station at W——, Katharine Ramsey, looking listlessly out of the carriage window, saw a rolling cloud of dust swoop down the road and deposit a man upon the station platform. A second later the man emerged from the ticket office, and as she saw his face she gave a gasp of consternation and looked about her as one who meditates flight.

The man from whom she was running away! He appeared to be running away, too; but if he was innocent why should he run? Perhaps, after all—— No; that couldn't be. She had felt all along that he really couldn't be a—burglar; but everyone had been so sure, and she had been so ashamed of having cared for—— She couldn't meet him! She'd get out of the train. As she sprang to her feet the train started and she fell back despairing.

The man swung himself on to the moving train. Perhaps he would go into the forward coach. Yes, he was going in there. Thank Heaven! Then her breath stopped and wild panic seized her.

Richard Sturgis opened the front door of the rear coach and walked swiftly down the corridor. In the last compartment he found what he sought, and a light flashed into his anxious face.

Katharine shrank into a corner of her seat, her gaze fastened to the scurrying landscape outside the window. Her heart was in her throat. This was ghastly—awful. She would have to explain—but——

Someone sat down in the seat beside her, and suddenly a strong hand closed firmly over the two little nervous ones clasped in the girl's lap.

"Little girl! Little girl!" said an eager, masterful voice. "Why did you run away? Didn't you know I should have to follow? I was going back to you, grudging every hour that kept me from you. And then you came and—you snubbed me royally!"

A note of laughter crept into the low, earnest voice, and Katharine's face took on a deeper crimson.

"It is all horrible!" she said chokingly. "There was an awful mistake. I thought that——"

He interrupted her.

"Yes, I know. I read your telegram, but I don't care what you believed, if you only felt the right thing at the back of the belief. Look at me, little girl."

Her eyes met his for the fraction of a second.

"It happened that night, at dinner-time, and mother thought—and the detectives were sure, and——"

Her voice stuck in her throat.

"And so you believed—but you didn't quite hate me? You warned me in your note. You cared enough for that?"

He asked it humbly, but there was a little ring of triumph in his voice, and the hand that still held hers tightened its clasp.

"If I had been a master thief that night, it wouldn't have been your jewels I'd have stolen. Do you know what I did want, little girl—what I've wanted ever since I first saw you? I'd turn burglar gladly if I could rob you of that! Tell me, dear, is your heart burglar-proof?"

If one of the other passengers had chanced to look round he would have been highly edified; but no one saw what happened.

"I think I'll take another!" said the Gentleman Burglar boldly a moment later. "This robbery business does grow upon one!"

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Real Life Romances Submitted by Readers. All Stories Must be True, and Substantiated by Names and Dates, not Necessarily for Publication. Contributions Should be Five Hundred Words in Length.

The River of Death.

A ROMANCE OF GOLD PROSPECTING.

A FEW months ago a party of New York prospectors determined to test their fortunes in California. They decided to explore the region known as Willow.

Once started on their journey they had to face a broad region destitute of water. On the third day their canteens were nearly empty. The men were wearied, their faces smarted, and they were being assailed by a horrible foreboding that they had missed the trail to Willow Creek.

Late in the afternoon the looks of despair deepened on every face. No sign of Willow Creek relieved the dull monotony of the view.

To the left of them a mountain rose. Towards this the travel-worn prospectors turned, resolved to climb its steep sides, and gain their bearings from the summit. Tethering their horses, the men began the ascent. A weary climb of two hours brought them to the highest ridge. Away, many miles distant, they could discern the friendly haven of Willow Creek. There only was the water they longed for so much. But was their strength sufficient to carry them so far?

Suddenly a cry burst from one of the party. He pointed excitedly; seemingly not a mile distant, flowed a cool, swift river. Fresh courage came to all. Maddened at the joyful sight, they rushed down the mountain's side. They leapt upon the horses. There, close at hand, was water—cool water—they were saved!

Suddenly a cry burst from one of the party. He pointed excitedly.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, at Willow Creek, friends of the prospectors had waited vainly for their arrival. At last, fearing misfortune had befallen them, two volunteered to seek for the missing party.

Some hours later the searchers stood upon the summit of the mountain from which, on the previous day, the prospectors had seen the river. The two men searched the region with field-glasses. Far away below them in a gorge they caught a glimpse of the mining prospectors, and with difficulty they reached the spot. Three of the men were delirious, and in their maddening thirst raved of some river that lay near by. Others were urging their horses up the almost perpendicular sides of the rock.

With difficulty the two men from Willow Creek succeeded in leading the party back to the mining camp. Many days elapsed before any of the unfortunate men were able to explain the mystery of the river. Then one told how they had followed its spook-like image for six long miles, without seeming to approach any the nearer—and how at last, with a feeling of horror, it dawned on all that the river was nothing more than a mirage.

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The Thief.

A STRANGE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

VILLENEUVE-LE-ROI, a village lying about twelve miles from Paris, is the scene of the incident. It was here that M. Vadal lived with his wife. One day in April of this year M. Vadal had gone to Paris to visit his son, who had recently left school to begin life in the French capital. Mme. Vadal, left alone, decided to while away some hours in shopping.

Therefore she locked up the house securely, and made her way to the village. Two hours later, having made all the purchases that she required, she opened her front door, relieved to find herself back again at home.

Hardly had she been in the house ten minutes before she became aware of a strange sound which seemed to proceed from the drawing-room. Feeling a little alarmed, but surmising that it might be the cat, she entered the room.

Then a cry of terror burst from her lips. A strange man knelt before the secretaire, holding a chisel in one hand. Marks on the lock-hole showed that he had been endeavouring to burst the door open.

A cry of terror burst from her lips. A strange man knelt before the secretaire, holding a chisel in one hand.

At the sight of Mme. Vadal the man leapt to his feet.

Almost fainting with fear, the poor lady, supporting herself by the door, glanced dazedly at the heavily-bearded face of the man. He, on the other hand, throwing down the chisel, rushed to the window, unlatched it, and leapt out into the garden. Then madame's courage returned, and she called loudly for help.

Hearing the sound of cries, the gardener, who was working in the garden, started in pursuit of the fleeing burglar. Then several passers-by took up the chase. Dashing through a hedge, the thief made towards a large quarry. He ran swiftly, and soon began to outpace his pursuers. Suddenly he turned into the quarry, evidently determined to seek hiding in the innumerable little caves that existed there.

The quarrymen, who had paused in their work at the sound of the loud shouting of the pursuers, saw a man speed breathlessly past them. A number of them dashed at him. Then a revolver cracked. The burglar had fired, and one of the men held a bleeding hand. A big growl of rage rose now from all the quarrymen. Every man joined in the chase. In vain the thief endeavoured to hide in one of the caves; his pursuers pressed him closely. They were all but on him. Resistance was useless, and struggling frantically the man was captured.

* * *

An hour or so later a policeman called at the house of M. Vadal. The burglar was safely imprisoned at the police-station, he told madame, and he asked her to come with him to identify the man.

With a feeling of indignation against the bearded fellow who had spoilt her secretaire, Mme. Vadal entered the police-station. The policeman led her to a cell.

"Is this the man?" he asked.

Mme. Vadal looked. Where was the beard? She recalled, in a haze of thoughts, that the policeman had said that the burglar had been disguised. With eyes still fixed on the prisoner, and face pale as death, Mme. Vadal stood motionless. Then, with a shrill cry of despair, she reeled back fainting into the policeman's arms.

The burglar was her own son, whom she imagined was in Paris.

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A Viking's Daughter.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SAVED A BIG SCHOONER.

NELLIE MAY PATTEN is the name of a little, curly-haired girl of ten summers. Her father is the captain of the seven-masted schooner *Kineo*, and the family lives at Mount Holly, New Jersey.

It was on New Year's Day of 1905 that Captain Patten suddenly announced that the *Kineo* was shortly to set sail on a long voyage, and that he had decided to take his wife and Nellie May with him. Nellie May said she would not go unless Tam o'Shanter went with her. So her dear collie was included in the party.

The happenings that followed the great day when the *Kineo* set sail Nellie May wrote in a large, round hand every evening in her diary. And it is from this simple, childish account that this story is taken.

January had given way to May. The *Kineo* was bound homewards from the Sandwich Islands to Philadelphia. So far the voyage had been a prosperous one. But bad times lay ahead. Beri-beri, a deadly sickness, appeared among the crew. Each day the numbers of the stricken increased. Some died, others lay helpless in their bunks. In those days Captain Patten wore an anxious look. Dark clouds grew on the horizon, slowly overmantling the sky.

May 19th saw a fearful storm beating around the ship. Four days it raged with unabated violence. A further misfortune now occurred. A splinter from the mainmast laid the captain low with a severely-injured ankle. The command now fell upon Mr. Ericson, the chief mate. But two days later, while the seas still roared, he was stricken with fever.

Now the *Kineo* was in a terrible plight Two sailors and an engineer only remained fit for work. The schooner was drifting helplessly; none of the men knew how to keep her in her course. Every moment it seemed that she must founder. Here it was that an idea crept into the mind of the first mate. Nellie May could steer the ship. She was an able little helmsman. Her father had amused himself in teaching her how to control his ship; might not her skill now save the schooner?

And yet what a frightful prospect—the safety of a large vessel and her sick crew all dependent on the judgment and skill of a little, eight-year-old girl! Supposing her nerve failed, or that worn out by the strain she should be compelled to give in, what would become of the *Kineo* then?

The little girl rushed to her father's cabin and wrapped his great oilskin coat around her.

In a few simple words Mr. Ericson told Nellie May of his thought. Breathless with excitement, the little girl rushed to her father's cabin and wrapped his great oilskin coat around her. Then, covering her curls with his sou'-wester, and led by one of the sailors, she took her stand at the helm.

The sailor made the child fast by a rope, and taking the wheel awaited her commands.

For nearly three weeks Nellie May spent each day shouting instructions to the sailor. Her little diary, which even now she never failed to fill up each night, tells pathetically of her sufferings; how often she felt so tired that she could have thrown herself down on the wet deck and slept; and how at the last, after many days, her father, recovered, came on deck, and clasping his little daughter in his arms, said that his own Nellie May had saved the lives of all.

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The Shipwrecked Kitten.

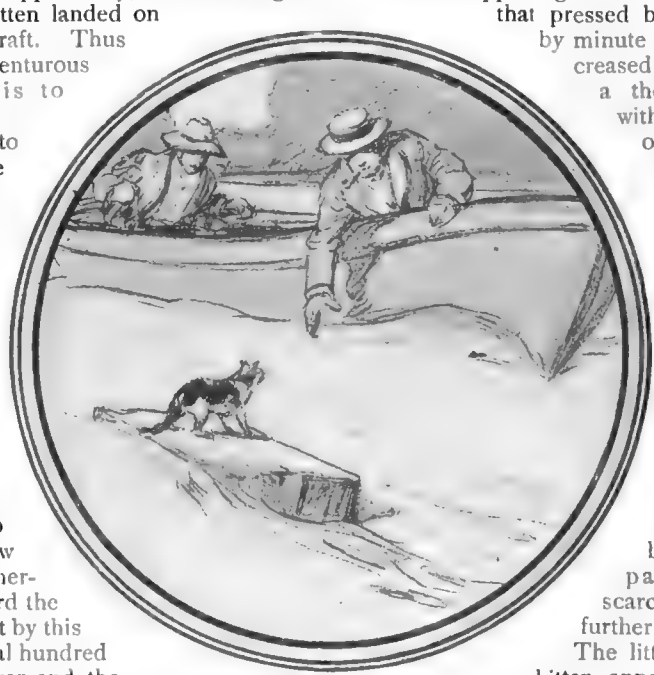
AN EXAMPLE OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

A PRETTY little illustration of the universal love of animals happened some months ago at Trent Bridge. A kitten had been on a houseboat, and presently there came to her young mind a desire to explore the shore that lay before her.

No sooner had the idea arisen than Mistress Kitten began to cast about her bright, round eyes for some means of accomplishing her purpose. They alighted on a small, wooden box, which just then floated by close to the houseboat.

Here was the opportunity, and with a gallant leap the kitten landed on the miniature raft. Thus started the adventurous voyage that is to follow.

Getting on to the box was one thing, but to remain there was quite a different matter. Young pussy trembled with fright as her little craft tilted this way and that, and the water splashed over her paws. No doubt she now heartily wished herself safely aboard the houseboat. But by this time it lay several hundred yards up the river and the distance was fast increasing.



Now only three feet divided her from her rescuers.

The kitten gave a piteous "meow." Several passers-by heard the tiny appeal, and soon the course of the small raft with its trembling little living burden was being followed by a number of people.

Poor little cat! All alone on the waters of the Trent, with only a tiny, frail ark between it and a watery grave—no wonder she sent up bitter cries for help. The box plunged about on the little wavelets, and it became increasingly difficult for pussy to hang on.

Presently, carried in midstream and rocking still more perilously, the box and the now very much bedraggled kitten approached Trent Bridge. On the bank the crowd of excited spectators, fast increasing in number, stood breathless, expecting every minute to see the poor kitten hurled into the swirling water. A cry of sympathy and alarm arose as the watchers saw the little craft become entangled in some moving chains.

Men pointed, and in their excitement a score of plans were suggested by which the kitten might be rescued.

On Trent Bridge another crowd had collected and people hung over the side shouting the latest happening of the kitten to those that pressed behind. Minute by minute the numbers increased until more than a thousand people, with one thought, one anxiety—the safety of a little, forlorn kitten, had gathered on the bridge.

At length an electric launch was seen to put out. The excitement of the crowd became intense. Had the life been that of a human being their sympathies could scarcely have been further extended.

The little, shipwrecked kitten appeared to realise that the approaching boat had come to her assistance. Now only three feet divided her from her rescuers. The crowd cheered its joy. Then, suddenly, a cry of terror arose. The kitten, too eager to leave her frail foothold, had leapt towards the launch. She missed, and with a splash, tumbled back into the eddying stream.

The cries from the spectators swelled into a mighty roar. Instantly the launch darted forward in pursuit of the little, wet lump of terrified life which the merciless current bore swiftly along. A man bent over the side. Then a mighty cheer rent the air as he lifted the kitten, half drowned, into the launch, and men went on their way content.

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The Baby Mimic

I've got a new "poke" bonnet, and when I put it on and try to look as if I'm in church, people tell me I remind them of Miss Edna May.

Little Vera le Fleming, although only six years old, has already created a great sensation by her wonderful powers of mimicry. She gives life-like impersonations of such theatrical favourites as Miss Camille Clifford, Miss Edna May, Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Gertie Millar, etc. She has performed before H.R.H. Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

WHEN I was quite a little girl—four and a half years old—I first heard Maurice Farkoa at The Prince of Wales' Theatre. He sang: "I Like You in Velvet" and "What is Love?" I shouted out loud, I was so pleased.

I called out whenever he came on. Of course, he could not hear, for we were right upstairs, near the sky, but mamma said "S'hush," as if I'd done something wrong. When I asked mamma to get those songs, she thought I was not old enough to sing. So I showed her I could remember bits of them; then we got the music, and I learnt every word.

It was a little bit hard at first to say "dinnaire," but it all comes easily now. I didn't meet Maurice Farkoa till I was five years old. Then we went to his house for an "At Home." My Auntie Gabrielle Wodnil took me—I go about with her a great deal. He has a lot of funny things—like ivory daggers and ivory baby elephants.

I'd never spoken to him, but as I curtsied when he came in, he just bowed with his hand on his heart like they do on the stage. I never can remember where to put my hand when I'm singing about my heart. Sometimes I put it on the right side, and then people laugh aloud.

Uncle Maurice—I always call him Uncle Maurice now—didn't laugh, but he said with a kind smile: "*Ma petite, c'est très bien;* no one can imitate me so well as you have done!"

Best of all, he likes me singing "*Brunette ou Blonde,*" and I like that as well. It's a waltz, and easier words than some. When he asked me what doll I should like, I said:

Brunette ou Blonde,
Petite ou Grande,
Of both, my friend,
I am equally fond.

When I'm ten years old I don't mean to go to bed early any more—I shall be a star. Mamma says stars act, dance, and sing. I'd have liked to be that girl in *See See* who

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Vandyke.

It's quite easy to do the Gibson Girl; the only hard part is not to smile when everyone laughs aloud.

did the kissing duet. I like the way she ran on her toes, and then she had to be kissed by Uncle Maurice.

Oh, no, I don't like being kissed as a rule. All sorts of strange grown-ups want me to kiss them when I meet them at "At Homes." Mamma says I mustn't be rude and refuse, but some have got prickly beards, like pins.

Yes, I just love fairy plays, and I liked acting in *The Enchanted Garden*. Miss Syrett wrote it, you know. Some people are so strange. One lady squeezed me horribly tight, and said to me the other day at the Country Fair: "If you were my little girl I'd give you whatever you wanted, ginger bread, donkeys, chocolates, ice cream, and swings."

When I was getting pennies for some poor little children at a bazaar not long ago, a kind old gentleman gave me two silver pennies, shillings mamma calls them, saying: "Buy something you'll enjoy for yourself; don't put this in the bag."

But I've everything I want, and the poor little children are often hungry and cold. This worried me all the afternoon, so at last I asked mamma if the money couldn't be given by me to the children instead. Mamma said as the money was given to me to enjoy myself, I might spend it on what would give me pleasure, so I put it in the bag instead. One day when I get lots of money I shall give half my pennies to the poor.

I dance and sing for them now at what are called matinées; but I wish there were more children; they only have grown-ups, no one with whom I can play.

One of my best playfellows used to be Sir Augustus Manns. He used to call me his little Patti, swinging me up in his arms. It makes me sad to think that I shall never play with him any more. I like Mr. Louis Wain, 'cause he makes me laugh, and his pictures are such fun.

I did enjoy going to see Madame Patti at the Carlton ever so much. She sings just like a bird on a fine day, and *I* sang her "Home, Sweet Home." I didn't feel a bit afraid; you see, I've no one to fear. Madame sang and did a dance for me, and her husband, the Baron, was so nice that I felt

Photo *Vandyck.*

I wish I could do what is called the poses, like Miss Clifford did with Mr. Stiles, only I've no gentleman to do them with, you see.

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terribly sorry when it was time to come away.

Since then Madame Patti has sent me her portrait, with her name written under. Mamma calls it "a priceless souvenir." I liked that much better than going to "At Homes."

Max Darewski, the boy who has so many medals, came to tea. I wish I could get medals, but I cannot go to the Academy for another year, so it will take a long time.

I've got some lovely portraits besides the one dear Madame Patti sent. Maurice Farkoa has written under his in French, and Miss Camille Clifford sent me a large one of herself as a Gibson Girl, 'cause she said she so enjoyed hearing me sing the song. It's quite easy to do the Gibson Girl; the only hard part is not to smile when everyone laughs aloud.

I did "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?" at The Playhouse, and people cried "Encore." That's French for "Once more,"

I play at being The Pirate in *Peter Pan*. I do love that. I hope when I'm old enough Mr. Barrie will give me a part in a sort of *Peter Pan* play.

Being Miss Gertie Millar is the most fun, 'cause I wear little white trousers and can dance on my toes. I'm the *New Aladdin* with an old lamp, and I sing all about "Bedtime at the Zoo."

I know. But I wish I could do what is called the poses, like Miss Clifford did with Mr. Stiles, only I've no gentleman to do them with, you see.

Next to the Gibson Girl I? play at being The Pirate in *Peter Pan*. I do love that. I hope when I'm old enough Mr. Barrie will give me a part in a sort of *Peter Pan* play.

Some people say I look like Lily Elsie, so I pretend to be her in *See See*. I'm fond of this, 'cause I have to get my hair done right on top of my head with little paper fans.

I'm learning the song "Follow On." I've got a new "poke" bonnet, and when I put it on and try to look as if I'm in church, people tell me I remind them of Miss Edna May. But being Miss Gertie Millar is most fun,

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I must not keep too long on my toes. Madame Katti Lanner said I should hurt my feet, though I can do it for any time quite well.

'cause I wear little white trousers and can dance on my toes. I'm the "New Aladdin" with an old lamp, and I sing all about "Bedtime at the Zoo." Sometimes papa roars and pretends to be the lion behind the bars; it's just like a game. I like animals, but I wouldn't like to be a real keeper at the Zoo. I'm a member of the Dumb Friends' League and I go every year to help at the Country Fair.

Of course I do get tired at some "At Homes." The houses are so big and dancing makes me so warm. A little time ago I went to Bridgewater House. It must be funny to live in a place like that. The hall is like a stage with a fountain. Mr. Fred Wright was there, and he gave me a piece of wedding cake, for he had just come from the wedding of Miss Edna May. He is the funniest man I know. Mamma says he has written something to make me laugh in my "Celebrity" Autograph Book, but, of course, I can't read it yet, 'cause I can only understand printing letters and my own name.

There is someone I want to dance before very much, and that is Princess Mary of Wales. I've got some postcards of her, and she looks so pretty and kind. It seems so like a fairy tale that a princess should be just a little girl with fair hair. I've never seen her though I have danced before some of our Royalty—H.R.H. Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

I do a Loie Fuller dance sometimes, and I "swish" the sleeves of my frock about like a butterfly flapping its wings. Only I must not keep too long on my toes. Madame Katti Lanner said I should hurt my feet, though I can do it for any time quite well.

I like living near the Crystal Palace, and play nearly all day outside. I think I'm a very lucky little girl, for I've got everything I want now that my pictures are coming out in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Some people say I look like Lily Elsie, so I pretend to be her in "See See." I'm fond of this, 'cause I have to get my hair done right on top of my head with little paper fans.

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An Advertiser in Love.

The Story of a Matrimonial Bargain.

By Marcus Woodward.

They met at a garden-party in the country, in beautiful Kent. He, John Sedgwick, man of affairs, of middle age, but of youthful appearance, spruce and polished; she, Peggy Ponsonby, a radiant daughter of Kent, whose cheeks were as of cream and wild roses. Case-hardened as he was, the charms of Peggy found a soft place, and made their impression.

Sitting with her, sipping ices beneath a red may-bush in full blossom, a little apart from the vainglorious crowd on the lawn, he soon learnt the story of her life. It amounted hardly to more than this: that she lived in those parts, in a tiny cottage, with a widowed aunt, who subsisted on a pension; and that her ideas of the world were drawn from the most sedate of newspapers and such novels as the local library could produce. His skilful examination and cross-examination gained him all the knowledge he could desire; and he was resting on his oars, satisfied that he knew everything, when she startled him by a deft turn of the current of their talk.

"And you," she said, "what do you do to earn a living?"

John Sedgwick, for once, was taken aback.

"Oh, well," he said, "I work."

"But what *is* work? I can never understand, and no one seems able to explain. What does everyone do who goes to the City?"

"Everyone tries to make money," he explained from his Alpine heights of worldly wisdom. "Of course," he added in gracious condescension, "there are different ways of doing it. Now in my case——"

She leant forward expectantly.

"Yes, in your case?"

"In my case I make money by advertising."

Her incredulous look, he thought, was as charming as any expression he had seen.

"Then you are what is called an advertising agent?"

"Precisely," he said, and bowed to her acuteness.

"I saw one only yesterday," she remarked. "He called upon Aunt with sewing machines. He didn't look a bit like you."

He explained that there were grades of advertising agents. Some went about looking miserable, he said, in order to attract custom through sympathy. Others, like himself, went about looking prosperous and cheerful, to attract custom by inspiring confidence. Her next remark sent him off on a flood of eloquence.

"It must be a dull life," she said. "Advertisements are such deadly things."

How, on the contrary, they were foredoomed if not lively, hope-inspiring, brimful of optimism; how the man who made them must keep himself as bright as the rising sun, and as merry as the soaring lark—this and much more John Sedgwick struggled to make clear. But she only shook her head and laughed

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incredulously, and his eloquence broke like a wave on a rock.

"I only know," she said, "that I have never yet answered an advertisement in my life, and I have never felt the slightest desire to do so."

"Then," said he, "you have never encountered one of *my* advertisements."

He was piqued that with all his eloquence he could not make her understand the might and glory of the advertiser's art: and when she frankly defied him, saying, "You would never catch *me* in your nets," he grew quite angry. That a mere country girl should mock John Sedgwick was galling to one so fully conscious as he was of his power in the world of men. He implored her to be reasonable.

"Believe me," he said, "you underrate this art. There is nothing in the world that good advertising cannot accomplish; given endless brains behind the enterprise, and endless supplies of money. In olden days it was the singers of songs who were the movers and shakers of the world. To-day, we fashion an empire's glory out of an advertisement."

"You are joking," said Peggy.

"I am in deadly earnest," he retorted.

"The only soap I ever use," she said, "is one that hasn't so much as a name. It is made by our local chemist, and costs 2d. a cake."

At this, off again at full gallop went the advertiser. That same soap, he insisted, would be in every house in the land if properly advertised; and it would sell at the price of 6d. a cake. There was nothing—*nothing*, he repeated with increasing force — that advertising could not accomplish.

"Would it bring me a nice husband?" asked Miss Peggy slyly—"or you a nice wife?"

"Certainly."

"Prove it."

"Do you defy me to do so?"

"I do."

"Then prove it I will," said he, and registered a mighty vow.

* * * * *

Two days later a letter from the City of London was borne by the hands of a Kentish postman to Miss Peggy Ponsonby. It was an imposing document, in type-writing, each letter standing out clean-cut and elegant; and there was an elaborate, if non-committal address-heading in gold letters. Peggy opened out the heavy sheets of creamy paper with beating heart. And this is what she read:

Re MARRIAGE.

DEAR MISS PONSONBY,

I beg to bring myself to your notice as a candidate for your heart and hand; and I have no hesitation in describing myself as a bargain.

If you will marry me, you will have a husband of distinguished appearance, with well set-up figure, handsome face, and a head of jet-black hair, curly by nature, showing no signs of falling out.

You will be adored by blue eyes, not of cold steel blue, but of the deep and luminous blue of the Southern sky.

You will be amused by conversation at all times witty, and tempered by the soundest wisdom.

You will be protected by a strong right arm of sufficient driving power to fell an ox.

You will be served by a mind and soul which will remain, as they are now, unreservedly at your disposal.

You will enjoy all such advantages as may come from marrying a man who, at the comparatively early age of forty, has amassed a sufficient fortune to enable him to retire from the pursuit of riches, and to live at ease on his earnings.

Among my other advantages it occurs to me to mention that I am a man of good breeding and education, cultured in all senses of the word, widely read and widely travelled, well acquainted with four languages, a judge of art, of horses, and of motor-cars, a worshipper of nature, a lover of all beautiful things, especially and above all of yourself, of a cheerful disposition and—and this is not the least of my qualifications as a husband—I am a particularly entertaining companion.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

(Advt.) JOHN SEDGWICK.

Peggy read and re-read this amazing document, in a vain endeavour to discover what feelings it aroused in her own breast. That it was impertinent — conceited — audacious—outrageous—all this was too obvious to need comment. But what was its effect upon her? What would she think of such a man—if she *were* in search of a husband?

Thinking this over in her Aunt's little garden in the morning sunshine, she was roused by the sight of the parcels postman approaching. He bore a box, addressed to herself, the label bearing the four letters in a corner: "Advt."

The box contained an assortment of rare and beautiful flowers.

Peggy spent the rest of the morning in composing a letter which, in its final shape, descended to a post-card of two lines:

"I think your advertisement rather cheap —but the flowers are lovely, and much appreciated."

But still she was far from satisfied.

"It reads," she decided, "like an open invitation: 'Send some more flowers!' It

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"Would it bring me a nice husband?" asked Miss Peggy slyly—"or you a nice wife?"

sounds as if I could put up with an impertinent letter for the sake of such a box by parcels post. What *am* I to say to him?"

In the end she decided to say nothing, to ignore everything.

The next day brought another typewritten letter:

Re MARRIAGE.

DEAR MISS PONSONBY,

In pursuance of our conversation, and my letter of yesterday confirming and continuing the same, I beg further to call your attention to the advantages that you will enjoy on your marriage with me.

Everything points to your position proving an enviable one.

As a husband, it would be my one object in life to secure your happiness. Knowing your character as I do, I am convinced that I am perfectly qualified for the position of your twin soul.

But to speak of material considerations.

Say you wish to travel. I should be prepared to grant you every facility for world-wide exploration, so far as you may be pleased to go, and my experience as a traveller should stand you in good stead.

Say you prefer a quiet country life. I should be willing to buy you any suitable residence that is in the market at any place you might select, and such is my adaptability that this style of life would suit me as well as one spent in gayer walks.

Say you would engage in philanthropic works. I myself am much interested in such causes, and at all times am willing to forward them with my accustomed energy and gifts as an advertiser.

Say you would conquer the world social—or the world political. I should be able to offer you exceptional opportunities for making headway in society, while I should be willing to enter Parliament for your sake, and for the good of the country.

Say that the world has no attractions for you. I am willing to kick it aside, and should count it well lost for you.

In short, dear Miss Ponsonby, I am willing to meet your reasonable wishes in any way whatsoever, and beg again to assure you that whatever type of man you desire for a husband, that type am I.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

(Advt.) JOHN SEDGWICK.

This letter was succeeded by another parcel. It contained a very elegant edition of the plays of Shakespeare. This gift, too, was described on the label by the abbreviation, "Advt."

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But still doubts assailed her as to the advisability of sending any answer at all.

The letter and the gift threw Peggy into a despairing state of mind. Again she spent a morning drafting letters to the advertiser, which resolved themselves finally into this message :

"Miss Ponsonby begs that Mr. Sedgwick will desist from sending her further advertisements."

But still doubts assailed her as to the advisability of sending any answer at all.

"What *is* the good?" she asked herself. "A line like that is as much as to say : 'Send another advertisement if you dare!'—and of course he will dare—*then* where shall I be? It would be a mistake to take the slightest notice of his presumption. No—I will treat them as advertisements deserve to be treated—with silence and with contempt."

* * * * *

Morning after morning, for fourteen mornings in succession, the advertisements arrived without fail, and each one was followed by a parcel containing what Peggy dubbed "samples of his generosity."

Each of the advertisements urged, with shameless force, some new reason why John Sedgwick would provide the perfect husband for Peggy Ponsonby. Some were devoted wholly to descriptions of his own attractions; others wholly to the advantage which his wife would enjoy. Some spoke only of material considerations; others only of spiritual. Every point that could be urged in favour of matrimony, either by an ardent lover or by the matter-of-fact maker of marriages of convenience, the writer put forward with pertinacious power, and Peggy could not but admire his fertility of expression.

Now and again the letters were varied by telegrams, "reply paid"—futile extravagance! And sometimes there were registered packets, with letters within, written on private note-paper, and written by hand—love-letters, pure and simple, these, and perfect models of what a lover's letters should be. Each one ended with the expression, "Advt.," and Peggy sighed with each reading of it. That, she considered, spoilt everything.

As happily as the love-letters were worded, so were the presents chosen. Flowers, books, hampers of fruit, boxes of good things to eat, gloves, simple trinkets, generally in the form of old jewellery—every gift was selected with taste, and was appropriate from the point of view of one who pressed a love-suit.

The perishable gifts Peggy distributed among the poor and needy. The more lasting ones she stored away in a cupboard, against the time when she should make up her mind on a course of action that would end, for good or for bad, this persecution of love,

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The making-up of her mind took a long time. It was done at last, on the fourteenth morning after the first letter had arrived—not without tears, but, as Peggy declared, "*once and for all.*"

"Oh!" she wrote that day, in her secret diary, "oh! that he had left me to find out everything he has told me!"

And her summing up and judgment of the case was that he had gone very far with his advertisements—but too far. He had o'er-leapt the prize. His case was an overwhelmingly good one; she admitted that frankly. Yes, she might have married him had he written differently. Why could he not see that to marry with love for a foundation was one thing, and a right thing; but to marry because a man was a matrimonial bargain was another thing, and a repulsive thing to a girl with the finer feelings? No doubt his case was: "Love—plus a bargain!" Well, it might have worked like a charm with some girls, but it would not work, she decided with a stamp of her pretty foot, with Peggy. This decision definitely arrived at, it remained only to put an end to the persecution.

On that day when Peggy made up her mind, mysteriously, without the slightest warning, the shower of advertisements ceased to fall.

* * * * *

Six weeks passed away. No further word from the advertiser came to disturb the serenity of Peggy Ponsonby's life. Then, early one morning, a telegraph boy found her on the lawn engaged in the task of cleaning her bicycle, and handed to her a brown envelope containing a telegram thus worded:

"Wanted—by a middle-aged gentleman who, six weeks ago, met with severe motor accident, fracturing right arm and sustaining other injuries, lady to take sole charge of case indefinitely. Please apply in person at Cottage Hospital, Brainbridge, near Sevenoaks. John Sedgwick."

Peggy's comment was significant.

"That," said she, "puts the matter on another basis altogether."

Brainbridge was but half-an-hour distant, as cyclists' distances go, from Peggy's home. Thither she rode in in the course of the morning.

* * * * *

And here the story might end, but that the sound of wedding bells rings ever pleasantly, and I would fain introduce them. Hear them peal, then, on Peggy's wedding day, late that same summer. The wedding was a simple rustic affair, as became a simple rustic bride: only the bridegroom's brand new motor-car, in which the honeymoon began, struck a novel note. It came in for a good deal of attention, for the story had been made public how the new car replaced one in which the bridegroom had met with a serious accident while motoring in the pre-engagement days to pay a surprise call upon his future bride. The local reporter made the most of the incident and painted in glowing colours the picture made by the "happy couple" as they departed by motor, "en route for London."

Not within his knowledge came the fact that in London the motor was exchanged for a special train, consisting chiefly of a private drawing-room car, lavishly fitted; or he might have painted in a still more glowing picture, showing the bride's delight in the wonders of the pretty saloon. And perhaps he might have quoted her ingenuous question to the bridegroom: "Does an advertising agent always travel in this style?" and his smiling answer: "Only when he happens to be the principal shareholder of the line for which he advertises!"

A TRIPLET OF TRIOLETS.

I sat with Amanda
And tried to propose.
Upon the verandah
I sat with Amanda,
Yet asked, as I fanned her,
No more than a rose.
I sat with Amanda
And *tried* to propose.

I begged of Amanda:
"Oh, answer me this!"
Upon the verandah
I begged of Amanda,
Yet stole, as I fanned her,
No more than a kiss.
I begged of Amanda:
"Oh, answer me *this!*"

Upon the verandah
We sat—it was late—
Myself and Amanda.
Upon the verandah,
No longer I fanned her.
We sat *tête-à-tête.*
Upon the verandah
We sat—it *was* late,

Sidney Mattingly.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

September brings the lengthened night and
circumscribèd day;
The theatres all produce a new spectacular
display;
The ladies put their muslin frocks and parasols
away.

September ends the holidays; with well-
dissembled pain
We duly part with Dick and Jim and little Mary
Jane,
Remembering that Christmastide will see them
back again.

Friends, when September makes you feel
inordinately blue;
When quarter-day is looming up and bills are
falling due;
Oh, turn to "Mr. X," and he will wring a
smile from you!

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of Royal Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Chance for Poets.

Here is an interesting competition that gives ample scope to those with a taste for versifying:

"Mr. X," in the course of much writing during many years, has found that the letters forming numerous words will, if re-arranged, make one or more other words. No doubt this has occurred to many of his readers.

For example, in the following verse:

When good men lapse the **Serpent** grins;
When one **repents,** he swears,
And strives to set his former sins
Against his **present** prayers.

the identical letters are used to form the words "serpent," "repents," and "present."

This verse is a very simple example. "Mr. X" offers a prize of five shillings for the best verse on the same system which reaches him before September 22nd. Verses must not be more than ten lines long, and any metre may be used, according to choice. Naturally, the merit of the idea expressed in the verse will be taken into account as well as the number of words used that are formed by the same letters. Attempts should be submitted on postcards, addressed to "Mr. X," care of The Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Postcards should be marked "Words."

Edwin's Love Letter.

Edwin was desperately in love with Angelina, but so terribly shy that to propose to her, even by letter, filled him with horror. At last he summoned up courage to write and declare his passion; but in order to break the news gently, he couched the announcement in these terms:

she	And	one	he	And	one
only	one	but	only	one	but
are	only	loves	am	only	is
you	and	Who	I	and	There

Angelina was much moved by this missive; she thought Edwin had become insane. Fortunately her brother had lived in Japan, and he told her it was written in the Japanese style and should be read upwards, starting at the end of the last column. Edwin and Angelina lived happily ever after.

Awful.

Brown: "I say, do you know what time of day all the crack players consider the best for playing tennis?"

Green: "Shouldn't have thought there was a best time."

Brown: "Of course there is. Ten is" (tennis).

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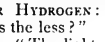
Exact to a Hair.

Salesman: "You may not believe it, sir, but this balance is so delicate that it will indicate the difference between the weight of a brunette hair and a blonde one."

Professor Hydrogen: "Indeed! And which weighs the less?"

Salesman: "The lighter one, sir."



Extraordinary Arithmetic.

Banks: "Can you do subtraction, Spillings?"

Spillings: "I believe so."

Banks: "Well, then, subtract nine from six, ten from nine, and fifty from forty so as to leave six."

Spillings: "Banks, you are mad."

Banks: "Not at all, my dear Spillings. Observe!"—and he wrote as follows:

SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L
S	I	X

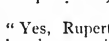
Numismatics.

Richard: "Do you know, Rupert, it is said that 1860 pennies are valuable, as some gold got mixed with them when they were minted?"

Rupert (a simple youth): "No, really? Is that so?"

Richard: "Yes, Rupert, and more; I have heard that '70 pennies are valuable, and even '90 pennies are worth a few shillings."

Rupert hastily produces all the loose coppers he has, and searches for pennies bearing the dates mentioned. Richard then explains amid stony silence that 70 pennies are worth 5s. 10d., while 90 pence are worth 7s. 6d.



A Saddlery Problem.

A man had two horses and two saddles. The horses were of different value, and so were the saddles. One saddle was worth £16, and the other £4.

Now, the *dear* horse with the £16 saddle is worth three times the value of the *cheap* horse with the £4 saddle, and the *cheap* horse with the £16 saddle is worth twice as much as the *dear* horse with the £4 saddle.

What is the value of each horse?

Bill's Bill.

Bill, the carpenter in the village where "Mr. X" resides, is *such* a curious old fellow.

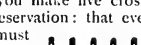
The other day he sent in this queer bill to "Mr. X," chuckling to himself all the time—sly old dog that he is:

		s.	d.	
2 wooden boxes	@	7	0	each
1 wooden do	@	7	0	
1 wood do	@	7	0	
Total		7	0	

"Mr. X" was mystified for a few minutes. He reflected that he had only purchased one box from Bill, though two had been sent on approval. Then it dawned on him that Bill meant: Two wooden boxes at 7s. each; one wouldn't do at 7s., one would do at 7s., and thus the total was 7s.

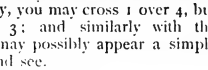
Funny old Bill!

Q. What is the most difficult conundrum?
A. Life, because everyone must give it up.

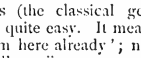


Not so Easy as it Looks.

Take ten matches and place them in a row. Now, can you make five crosses with them, with this reservation: that every match you take up must pass over two matches before being crossed over another?



That is to say, you may cross 1 over 4, but not over 2 or 3; and similarly with the others. This may possibly appear a simple task. Try it and see.



A Classical Scholar.

Jones II.: "I say, Williams, can you translate this bit of Cæsar for me: 'Cæsar adsum jam forte'?"

Williams (the classical genius, loftily): "Oh, that's quite easy. It means 'Cæsar, by chance I am here already'; not much sense in it, but still——"

Jones II.: "Oh, no, it doesn't, Williams. It means 'Cæsar 'ad some jam for tea.'"

ANSWERS.

A Saddlery Problem: £5 12s. 6d. and £3 7s. 6d.

Not so Easy as it Looks: 4 over 1; 6 over 2; 8 over 3; 2 over 5; 7 over 10.

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An Enterprising Man

The Story of a Magnificent Advertisement.

By Alfred B. Lamplugh.

The scene was Euston Station, and the time two hours past noon.

Mr. Spennings entered a first-class smoking compartment of the express, and proceeded to make himself comfortable. Mr. Spennings was employed in the advertisement department of a firm that owned a well-known patent medicine, recently discovered; and the object of his journey was to visit Derringham and to extend the connection of his firm in that hitherto neglected neighbourhood.

Being a man of great energy and unusual powers of resource, he commanded a large salary, which enabled him to indulge in those little luxuries which make life pleasant. So he always travelled first-class, frequented the best hotels, and was faultlessly attired in the latest fashions.

The carriage was empty when Mr. Spennings entered; but just before the train started another passenger, a gentleman of about his own age and appearance, though not quite so good-looking, got in.

The new arrival was attended by a servant in livery, who carried a rug which he deposited respectfully on the seat, and then retired to the door.

"I shall be back, if possible, by the seven o'clock train, Johnson," said the passenger, "but tell Lady Carlton not to wait for me if I am detained."

"Yes, my lord," said the youth, automatically saluting as he withdrew.

The guard came along to examine tickets. "Change at Bletchley for Derringham," he remarked, impartially, to both the occupants.

So Mr. Spennings not only discovered that he was travelling with a real, live lord, but also that they were both going to the same destination.

This was interesting; and, as Mr. Spennings lighted a cigar to aid him in his reflections,

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his companion followed suit, drawing his Havana from a dainty leather case, stamped with a silver coronet.

Mr. Spennings, who had never been to Derringham before, was unable to conjecture what business his companion could have in that locality; but, as he glanced over the morning paper, he saw a paragraph announcing that the foundation-stone of the new Cottage Hospital at Derringham was to be laid that afternoon by the Earl of Carlton.

Mr. Spennings felt more interested than ever, not knowing to what extent the local festivities would interfere with his own engagements.

"Derringham is a quiet little place, I believe," he began, in his most insinuating tones.

"I suppose so," was the answer, "but I have never been there. This is my first visit."

"You are going to lay the foundation-stone of the new Cottage Hospital?" remarked Mr. Spennings.

"Yes, I am. But how did you know that? I presume you reside in the neighbourhood?"

"No," said Mr. Spennings, "but I have just read it in the paper. I believe I have the honour of addressing Lord Carlton?"

"Yes, that is so. I have been requested to lay the foundation-stone, though I am entirely unacquainted with the district. But the people down there have pressed me very much, knowing that I am deeply interested in all such charitable institutions. I am doing it, however, at great inconvenience, having many important engagements; and, moreover, I do not feel at all well to-day."

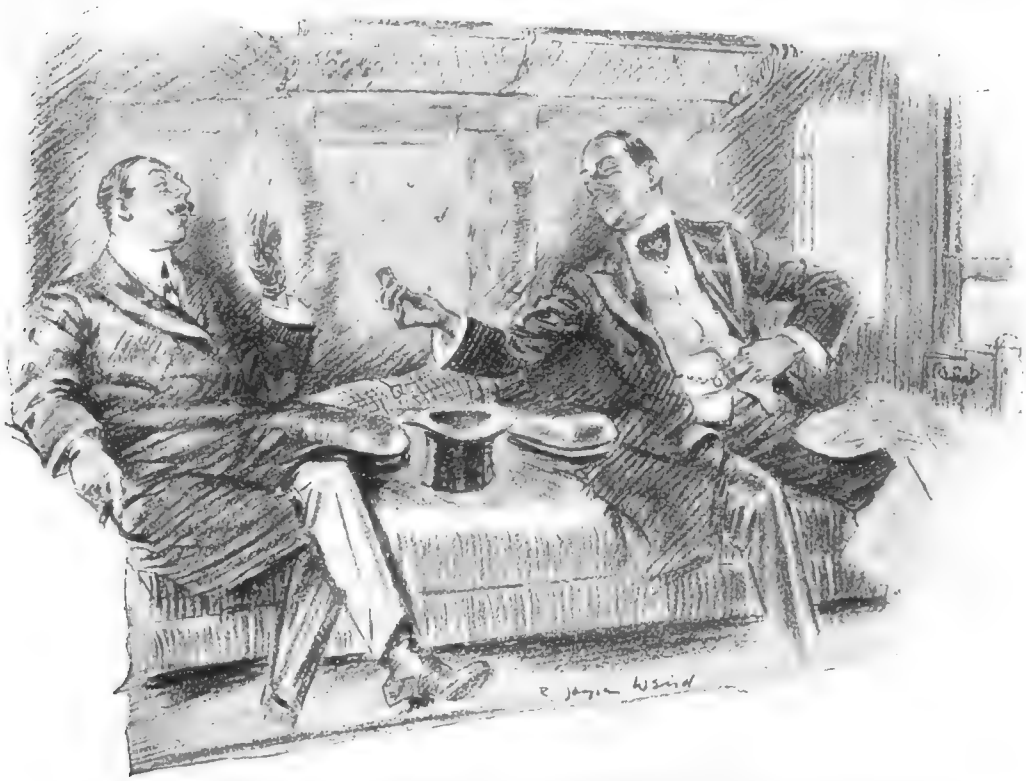
"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Spennings, with sudden professional interest; "perhaps it is a case of overwork."

"No," replied his lordship, "I am afraid it is a question of the liver, which often troubles me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Spennings with enthusiasm "that is easily remedied. You should try Perkins' Persuasive Pills. They are the very thing for the liver and are infallible. I have a box here; let me offer you one."

"No, thank you," said the Earl testily, "I never take any patent medicines."

"But, my dear sir—my lord, I mean," urged Mr. Spennings, "these are of really



"Ah," said Mr. Spennings with enthusiasm, "that is easily remedied. You should try Perkins' Persuasive Pills."

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"The latest development of human skill . . . Perkins' Persuasive Pills . . . has begun a revolution of which it is impossible to see the end."

marvellous efficacy, and are having an enormous sale."

"Never heard of them," said the Earl.

"But they are advertised everywhere."

"Oh, I never read advertisements, and have a horror of all quack nostrums."

Mr. Spennings was deeply hurt, and the Earl was evidently annoyed by the intrusive attentions of his companion. So they both relapsed into silence.

Now, whether it was with the object of avoiding further conversation, or the result of his liver being really out of order, it came to pass that the Earl wearily closed his eyes and ensconced himself in the corner.

And it further came to pass that, when the train drew up at Bletchley, his lordship was fast asleep and oblivious of all surroundings.

Mr. Spennings' feelings had been outraged by his companion's supercilious rejection of his proffered remedy; and so, after a momentary conflict of emotions, he quietly opened and reclosed the carriage door, and watched from the platform the express receding in the distance on its next seventy-miles run, bearing away the unconscious body of Lord Carlton.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he sleeps until they get to Crewe," said Mr. Spennings vindictively. "It serves him right for his obstinacy. One of the Persuasive Pills would have kept him awake anyhow."

The branch train was waiting in a siding; and after a short interval Mr. Spennings reached Derringham.

Here he found the station decorated with flags, and a group of expectant people assembled on the platform.

Standing in that momentarily irresolute way which a man adopts who arrives at a station for the first time, and does not precisely know the way out, Mr. Spennings found himself slowly approached by an elderly gentleman wearing a chain of office, which plainly denoted him to be the Mayor of the town, and who addressed him thus:

"Lord Carlton, I presume."

Now, here an enterprising thought suddenly

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entered Mr. Spennings' breast, and he instantaneously resolved on a daring mode of action.

He raised his hat, and bowed profoundly in response to the Mayor's obsequious salutation. That functionary led him through the gaping crowd to a carriage and pair, in which a smartly dressed lady was seated, who, it appeared, was the Lady Mayoress, and who nervously greeted Mr. Spennings with great cordiality.

They drove through the gaily decorated streets to an inclosed space, where a lavish display of bunting and a large marquee clearly denoted the site of the proposed new Cottage Hospital.

Here the Mayor introduced several prominent local dignitaries to Mr. Spennings, all of whom were charmed by his extremely affable manner. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, Mr. Spennings proceeded to discharge the important function of the day.

"I declare this stone well and truly laid," he said, tapping it with the silver trowel three times in a workmanlike manner.

And then, in the presence of the interested assembly, and half-a-dozen representatives of the local Press, he delivered a brief speech, which was interrupted by frequent applause. However, the part of his oration which especially riveted the attention of his hearers, was its conclusion, which was as follows:—

"But, ladies and gentlemen, though institutions of the kind of which I have this day with so much pleasure laid the foundation-stone, are undoubtedly great blessings, yet they possess for us a melancholy interest. They are all doomed to pass away, or at any rate to be turned to other purposes. The time is rapidly coming when Cottage Hospitals will be needed no longer. They will survive only as interesting relics of a comparatively barbarous age, for the advance of science will render them unnecessary. The latest development of human skill and profound research—I allude of course to Perkins' Persuasive Pills, that marvellous discovery about which everybody is now talking—has begun a revolution of which it is impossible to see the end. When the use of these pills is universal, which I venture to predict will speedily be the case, then the prevalence of perfect health among all classes of the community will render such institutions as that which I have been inaugurating this day superfluous. But, ladies and gentlemen, our labours will not be altogether wasted. These noble buildings can easily be converted into public libraries, museums, or reading-rooms. And so it gives me an additional pleasure to feel that I have this day been assisting in establishing an institution which will be a permanent benefit and ornament to your town, when the needs for which it was primarily designed have all vanished; and when health and happiness have been assured to everyone by those simple remedies, whose discovery is no doubt the most significant and important event of this memorable century."

Mr. Spennings resumed his seat amid general applause, the consternation of several local medical practitioners, and the disappointment of the reporters, who were taking down his speech verbatim.

As the rector rose to move a vote of thanks to Lord Carlton for his kindness in coming among them, a telegraph-boy was seen wandering perplexedly in the front ranks of the assembly, and bearing the usual orange-coloured missive.

"For me, I presume," said Mr. Spennings promptly and decisively, stretching out his hand for the envelope, which the flurried boy was only too glad to relinquish.

It was addressed to the chairman of the Cottage Hospital, Derringham, and ran as follows:—

> Handed in at Stafford Station Office. Extremely regret have had mishap with train. Am afraid cannot possibly be with you to-day. Much distressed. Pray apologise for me.—CARLTON.

"This is very unfortunate," said Mr. Spennings to the Mayor; "I have had a telegram from Lady Carlton, on her way from Scotland, saying she has missed her train, and cannot join me at the Mansion House this evening, where I have an important engagement. I am afraid this will necessitate my leaving for town even earlier than I anticipated."

As Mr. Spennings went back to town, he reflected: "What a delightful thing it is to be a peer! I shall never refuse the honour when it is offered me. And I have done a good day's work, too. The foundation-stone is well and truly laid; and I don't think either the Earl of Carlton or the people of Derringham will soon forget Perkins' Persuasive Pills."

And they didn't. True, there were a few complications when Lord Carlton's explanatory letter to the Mayor arrived on the next morning—but that is another story.

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THE BEARS OF BERN

Photo A. J. Wehrli, Zurich.

When all other appeals for sweet things fail, the bears, in an access of despair, flop down on their backs.

A Description of their Simple Joys and Sorrows and Happy Lives.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

Visitors flock to the different parts of Switzerland for the scenery, the climate, and the sport—except to Bern. There they go for the express purpose of seeing the bears.

The surroundings of Bern are flat and uninteresting, and the town itself has little to attract the stranger beyond its ancient traditions, its quaint fountains, and splendid bridges, yet it is always full of tourists—they come to see the bears.

Prominent in all the hotel lobbies are plainly made-out plans showing the most direct way for visitors to reach the "Bears' Den," a wise precaution on the part of the proprietors, who would otherwise have their staff of *employés* pointing out the way two-thirds of the day.

The bears certainly are a never-ending source of amusement and enjoyment to people of all classes and all ages, from babes in arms to shaky old folk wheeled up in invalid-chairs.

I have spent many a fascinating hour watching them myself, and counted in the crowd all sorts and conditions of men—ambassadors from the Orient, English lords and commoners, fashionably-dressed ladies and peasant women, side by side, all intent on the grotesque antics of the most wonderful bears in the world. One sees the same people return time after time, and not one of them seems to weary of watching.

The story of the Bern bears goes back to the days when Switzerland was an unknown wilderness, with the same breed of bears wandering through the mountain valleys—great, strong creatures with the most beautiful soft brown coats.

There can be no exact date fixed upon as the year of their first captivity, but they appear on a seal belonging to the town hall of Bern, bearing the date of 1224, and on the monument to the founder of Bern a bear is shown carrying the helmet.

So it is seen that the great brown bear of the mountains has always been the emblem of Bern, and the yearly expenses for the "board and lodging" of some twelve to fifteen of their number may be traced in the books of the town council for the past four hundred years.

These bears are not merely fine creatures physically, but unusually sagacious and original in their manners. They almost talk when very interested in anything, and they work their faces into the most whimsical expressions.

All bears have a noticeable sense of humour, and the Bern variety certainly see life altogether from its funny side, to judge from their constant good nature and the playing of jokes on each other.

The Bern bears are very well to do. In fact, they rank as by far the wealthiest family of their kind in private life, for no bear of Bern has ever endured the degradation of the

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Photo *Ernest Selhofer, Bern.*

This is the first stage of an appeal to the onlookers for "a trifle."

the fun of chasing one another up and down, and of swinging on the branches.

The house of these darlings of fortune is a two-storeyed, grey stone structure, the first floor being on a level with the stone flagging at the bottom of their pit, and answering as their private quarters, with doors leading from the den, so that they can retire from the disturbance outside into the quiet of their circus or travelling menagerie. They have a fine house of their own, and the largest private playground or pit of any bear autocrats in existence.

Their income is derived from two sources, a liberal grant from the Swiss State which more than covers the expense of their wildest sense of extravagant living, and from special legacies left them now and again by admiring and appreciative friends who pass away.

"They were for years my only friends," a lonely old man confessed in his last will and testament, adding that it was his desire that his bequest be used for special *fête* day "treats" in whatever delicacies the bears most appreciated.

Another old friend left his money to them with the understanding that their bath tubs be enlarged to nearly twice the original dimensions, and that the force for the water supply in the fountains be made stronger.

The most amusing bequest, however, came from an old lady who stipulated that at least a hundred and fifty francs of her money should be used every year in procuring for their Christmas treat two fresh pine trees, to be erected in their den to give them

Photo *A. J. Wehrli, Zurich.*

If nothing happens, the bears sit up, and wave their paws in an appealing fashion.

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resting apartments whenever they like.

Behind the sleeping rooms are two more, slightly smaller, where they are fed and disciplined by their keeper.

Upstairs are housed their "servants," three in number, an old man and his wife, who personally care for them, and a young lad assistant.

Their house is kept spotlessly clean, and the den gets a thorough scrubbing every night after the bears are in bed.

Photo *Ernest Selhofer, Bern.*

Down drop the outstretched arms, and the paws clasp each other in a despairing sort of gesture.

Whenever any of their number is ailing a veterinary surgeon, specially trained in the illnesses of bears, is immediately sent for, and once every year their teeth are overhauled.

There are always from eight to twelve bears kept, and every year some of the old ones are quietly "done away with" to make room for the youngsters.

As a general thing the Bern bears are a very happy family, jogging along day after day in perfect peace and enjoyment. But sometimes the fiend jealousy takes possession of the male contingent, and they fall to quarrelling over the ladies, who are really most beautiful and fascinating.

To avoid any further "ructions" of the kind their den has been divided into two parts by a massive stone wall, so high and thick that not a glimpse nor a growl can be caught from one side to the other. Thus the family is divided into its two peaceful sections of old and young on either side of the wall.

Photo *Photoglob Co. Ltd., Zurich.*

An old lady left a sum of money to provide the bears with two new pine trees at Christmas. They are never happier than when scrambling over these trees.

This same stone wall is connected with an English tragedy, for it was the cause of a young London student's death long ago. He was daring and indiscreet enough to wager his fellow-students in Bern that he could walk across that wall without falling in—the trial to be made when the bears were at liberty in the pit.

He made the attempt one morning when there was no one about to prevent it, and when midway lost his foothold on the rounded and narrow edge, and before help could reach him he was crushed to death by the great, playful creatures, who would not wilfully have harmed him

It is not often that accidents to spectators occur, though the story is told of a peasant man, rather the worse for drink, who insisted on going to sleep on the stone edge surrounding the den, and fell in, meeting the same fate as the English student.

To watch the bears for hours at a stretch is quite as entertaining as going to a humorous performance at a theatre. One stands leaning over the stone wall, too intent on their antics to notice how tired one has grown, and on finally taking leave of them it is always with the thought of going back for another little visit before passing on to the interior of Switzerland.

Their appeals are offered up in various stages according to the degree necessary to cajole the desired sweet into their capacious jaws.

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They first stand upright, leaning their fore-feet against the wall of the den, and look up at one in the most appealing way. If this does not work, they back off from the wall, and walk round on their hind legs, working their noses about from side to side, for all the world as though they were trying to talk.

Failing this, they sit down, and on catching the proper balance, so as not to topple over, they extend their forepaws upwards, and motion towards themselves just as we would do if we wanted something thrown down to us from overhead.

This stage is very hard indeed to resist, as they are as near speaking as any dumb creature ever can be, and one feels quite heartless at not yielding.

Then down drop the outstretched arms, and the paws clasp each other in a despairing sort of gesture as the unhappy Bruin gives one more tense look upwards, loses his balance, and topples over flat upon his back, when "swish" fall the carrots full on his stomach, and the little drama ends until he has finished eating the dainties—then it begins all over again.

Some years ago a strange thing happened to one of the younger bears. He had often watched the others go up and down the tree, but he would not venture until he was well-nigh grown into a big bear.

Then up he went one day, but it seemed he couldn't get down. For two days and two nights he stayed up there, and then he began to yell out in fright and hunger. One could see that he was doing all he could to get down, and that he was frightened out of his wits, but for some reason or other he could not do it.

His keeper tried to bait him down by showing him carrots and other food, but to no purpose—he was too frightened to try any more, so finally they had to send for the fire brigade.

The escape ladder was placed at the edge of the den, and gradually lengthened until it came within a few feet of poor Bruin—but not quite, else he might have run down in his savage hunger and eaten his rescuers.

Instead of this a fireman made a loop in his rope, ran up the ladder, and managed to fling it round the bear, tied it fast to the ladder, and ran down again to lower it carefully into the pit, where the bear was first fed before the loop was loosened.

The next day the same bear went up the tree again, and set up a cry to be helped down, but after forty-eight hours of heart-rending shrieks the fathers of the Swiss Government decided to have him shot, as they employed the fire brigade for other purposes.

Photo *Photoglob Co. Ltd., Zurich.*

A general view of the bear-pit, sleeping quarters, and the apartments of the keeper.

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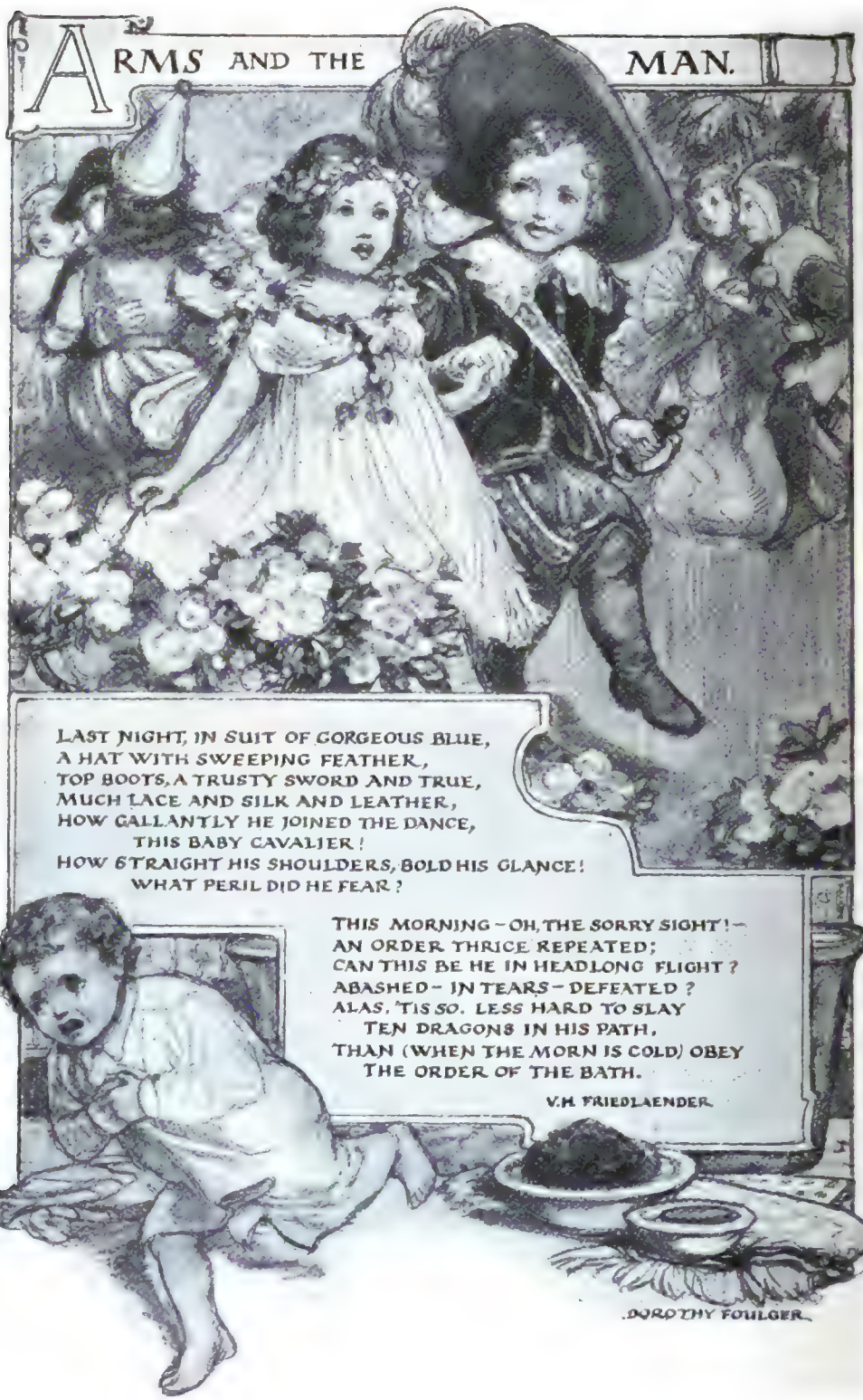
ARMS AND THE MAN.



LAST NIGHT, IN SUIT OF GORGEOUS BLUE,
A HAT WITH SWEEPING FEATHER,
TOP BOOTS, A TRUSTY SWORD AND TRUE,
MUCH LACE AND SILK AND LEATHER,
HOW GALLANTLY HE JOINED THE DANCE,
THIS BABY CAVALIER!
HOW STRAIGHT HIS SHOULDERS, BOLD HIS GLANCE!
WHAT PERIL DID HE FEAR?

THIS MORNING – OH, THE SORRY SIGHT! –
AN ORDER THRICE REPEATED;
CAN THIS BE HE IN HEADLONG FLIGHT?
ABASHED – IN TEARS – DEFEATED?
ALAS, 'TIS SO. LESS HARD TO SLAY
TEN DRAGONS IN HIS PATH,
THAN (WHEN THE MORN IS COLD) OBEY
THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

DOROTHY FOULGER.

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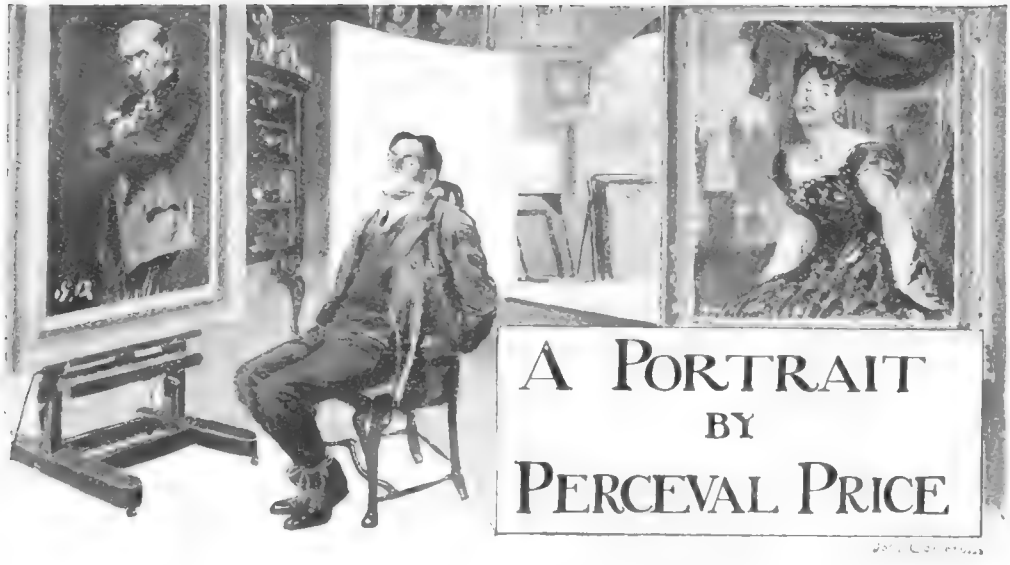

A PORTRAIT BY PERCEVAL PRICE

How a Portrait Painter Achieved his Reputation.

By Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Marsh.

Perceval Price took a step back, the better to gain a last look at the figure painted on the canvas.

"Well, one thing is certain," he said to himself, and a smile of contempt hovered on his lips, "beautiful as the lady is, I shall never make a reputation by *this* portrait."

The portrait answered the remark with the fixed smile—"simper," Perceval, in the present state of his feelings, called it—that the painter had placed on the face of his model. Seen on canvas Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson was a very beautiful woman. When she had requested him to paint her, Perceval had inquired whether she desired a portrait or a picture, and, without hesitation, she had decided for a picture. So Perceval had painted her black hair a deeper ebony; to her bold eyes he had given an added sparkle; he had put to her cheeks the roses and to her fat shoulders the lilies unkind Nature had withheld. The number of her chins he had considerably diminished; and he had added that unappreciable half inch to the neck which makes the difference between corpulence and grace.

Both Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson—and Mr. de Jongh Samuelson when he saw it—thought the portrait cheap at the £500 Perceval had asked for it, more especially as nothing extra was required for the masses of diamonds with which the head, neck, arms, and fingers of the lady were covered.

Mr. de Jongh Samuelson was Mayor of Wotherspoon, a town given over to the making of boots. Owing to the rise in the price of leather—a commodity of which the Mayor held an immense stock—Mr. de Jongh Samuelson had hugely increased his fortune, and in gratitude for his good luck he had given his wife diamonds to the value of ten thousand pounds—always a good investment for money, he told his friends—and to his native town the portrait of Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson "by the well-known and talented artist, Mr. Perceval Price," he was about to present.

Perceval Price thrust his brushes into a jar on the table, put on hat and coat, and sauntered out to his dinner.

Usually he dined in a small *café* off Soho. The food offered no special attractions to an Englishman, but it was a Bohemian place, frequented by strangers, Anarchists, and malcontents of all nationalities. Perceval thought by dining here he was seeing life, and he would make notes and pencil sketches of his fellow-diners, and would talk with the other artists who habitually used the place.

The feeling of discontent with which he had

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left his studio followed him to the dinner-table. As a painter was he never to have a chance? he asked himself. He did good work; he had a feeling for colour; undoubtedly his brush-work was deft. It was certain that Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson would find a place on the walls of the Academy—but then who wants to look at De Jongh Samuelsons and their like? Could he get as sitter a really pretty, well-known Society woman, or a man of rank or note, his reputation would be made.

As he took his place at his usual table, he smiled and bowed to a little, dark-haired man already seated. Among the many extraordinary personages dining in the restaurant this man was quite unnoticeable. Standing, he would barely have reached five feet five; his face was indeterminate; you were sure the small, pointed beard was worn to hide the falling away of the chin; the steely blue eyes contrasted oddly with the swarthiness of hair and skin; the hands were small and delicate as a woman's. Indeed, about the man's whole appearance there was something so feminine that you would have been tempted to describe him as a woman masquerading as a man.

Perceval had frequently met this man at the *café*; indeed, for the last week they had dined at the same table. At first the persistence with which this little, weak-faced individual had sought his company had annoyed the painter, and he had nicknamed him "The Insect," and by that name he was known to Perceval's friends of the restaurant. It was their only means of identifying him, for they knew neither his name nor his occupation, and he never spoke of his work. But by degrees he awoke an interest in the painter; he had travelled greatly, had visited Russia and the East, and he knew his Paris as Perceval knew London.

When Price had unfolded his napkin and ordered the *plat du jour*, the man inquired in his high treble voice:

"Well, how has the work gone to-day? The beautiful mayoress—has she achieved immortality?"

"No, bother her," said Perceval irritably. "I'd thought to finish her this afternoon, but last night she sent a note saying she had had all the stones in her tiara reset, and she wished the thing painted as it was at the present moment."

"How very annoying," said the stranger in a sympathetic voice. "Still, you say she is an agreeable, amusing woman—you'll enjoy another sitting or two, without doubt." There was a touch of malice in the words—Perceval had never described Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson as either agreeable or amusing—quite the reverse—and the man knew it.

"No, no; I shall have no more sittings, thank goodness. She says she will send the tiara to the studio, and I can keep it in my strong-box till I have finished with it."

"A confiding person, the mayoress, no?" the little man made of his eyebrows a note of interrogation.

"Oh, well, artists are accused of many things; they may be classed with rogues and vagabonds, but I don't think they are considered thieves. What filthy food they give you in this place," and Perceval pushed away his almost untouched meal. "Waiter, bring something a man can eat. I'll tell you what, monsieur"—despite the excellence of his English, Perceval had fully decided that his *vis-à-vis* was a foreigner—"I'm sick of the whole blessed thing. Every year it's the same, plenty of commissions and not a well-known person among them. Who wants to look at Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson—of Wotherspoon—Mayoress? I don't have luck! Why, I'd paint a celebrity for nothing, if I went hungry for the next six months. There would be plenty of champagne and oysters and truffles after that!"

The Insect smiled and looked at the ceiling. Quite modestly but without any hesitation he said:

"I suppose you wouldn't like to paint me?"

"You," said Perceval Price. "You?"

"Yes," replied the little man. "Me."

"Well, of all the infernal cheek——" Perceval was about to exclaim, but he checked himself. The man was ignorant, doubtless, of the position of his companion—after all, the name of Perceval Price was not unknown in the best art circles! But, then, casual table-acquaintances do not move in the best art circles. The sarcasm died on his lips, and Perceval answered kindly: "I fear you would hardly do. You are not exactly what is called well-known, eh?"

"Paint me, and see," laughed the Insect. "I dare stake a hundred pounds, with the manager here to hold the money, that if you get my portrait into the R.A. your name will be made."

The presumption of his companion so amused Perceval that he searched his mind for a refusal that should not be wholly scathing. But suddenly the man's whole aspect seemed to change. The meekness of the face vanished, the brows knit, the eyes shone,

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He pulled a roll of banknotes from his pocket and flung it on the table. "I will forfeit these if what I say is not true," he said with heat.

Perceval was imaginative, and much read in romantic fiction. He thought of Crown Princes avoiding—temporarily—the responsibilities of position, of Grand Dukes in disguise diverting themselves, though rarely in small restaurants in Soho. He leant back in his chair, and for a moment carefully studied his companion's face.

"Put up those things," he said at last, waving to the banknotes. "I'll do it—provided you look as you did a minute or two ago. For by now the Insect's face had resumed its usual expression of meekness."

"Very well, it's a bargain then?" said the Insect blandly.

"May I ask your name?" began Perceval, quite sure it was the one thing he might not ask.

The man shook his head meaningly.

"For all practical purposes, 'Mr. Smith' is as good as any other," he said laughing.

Presently he asked: "How many sittings will you want?"

"Four or five. By the by, sending-in day is next Monday week."

"When shall we begin?"

"To-morrow, without fail——"

"But the tiara—Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson?" said 'Mr. Smith' interrogatively.

"Oh, I can do that at any time; she says she will not want it for a few days."

"Two things I must ask of you. You must let me sit at night, I am occupied all day; and when I am with you in the studio you must promise that no one is allowed to enter."

To the last demand Perceval readily assented, but he made some demur to the first. It was impossible to paint a good portrait by artificial light. "Mr. Smith" stood firm.

"I can work on it in the day," Perceval told himself.

So a sitting was arranged for the following evening.

"You must let me be painted as I like," said "Mr. Smith," as he rose to go.

"Certainly, any pose you like. Good-bye till nine to-morrow night." Perceval watched the Insect pass through the swing doors out into the clear air of the March evening.

"Well, I'm dashed! Fancy that little creature's portrait in the Academy," were Perceval's musings. Walking, "Mr. Smith" looked far more insignificant than seated at table. "Either he is some one very particular or he's a bumptious little fool. Still, if the Insect only shows his sting as he did to-night"—Perceval thought of that moment's revelation of a personality behind the mask of meekness—"if I could catch that expression I could make a startling head."

Punctually to time the sitter arrived. He wandered round the studio looking at the pictures on easels and walls. The almost finished portrait of Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson he admired hugely.

"Fine woman that—you did not mislead me. Wotherspoon must be proud of its Mayoress. Made the money in boots, you say." Perceval had said nothing of the kind. "I don't wonder her husband covers her with diamonds; what a neck, what shoulders!" The little man gasped.

"Now as to pose," began Perceval.

"Well, this is my idea." "Mr. Smith" stepped up on to the throne, drew himself to his full height, folded one arm across his breast, and with the right hand resting on the crooked elbow presented a revolver straight at the painter's head. "Not loaded," he said, as Perceval stepped back in alarm. "What do you think of it? Telling, no?"

"Ridiculous," exclaimed Perceval. "For Heaven's sake put down that thing at once."

"Now that is where you make a mistake," said "Mr. Smith" calmly. "You are painting this thing for fame, are you not? You want to catch the attention of the critics and the public, no? What do the critics and the public demand? Something sensational; incongruity, my dear sir, incongruity. An undeveloped man, like I am, in an heroic attitude, with a revolver; a big, muscular athlete crocheting a fancy wool waistcoat in the stitch called 'idiot.' It is the bizarre in art as in everything else that appeals to the senses of modern mankind. It arrests. Paint me like this and your fortune is made."

"It's all right—provided it's not loaded," stammered Perceval. "No doubt the attitude's sensational—I don't like it—but let us get to work."

Evening by evening the portrait grew. Something in the figure of the man, who, when posing, seemed to possess a dignity that was not his at other times, fascinated the painter. He brought all the dexterity and enthusiasm at his command to bear on the work. The set lips, the gleam of the steely eyes, the iron rigidity of the arm, holding the revolver point-blank at the spectator, were portrayed on canvas with life-like fidelity.

"And the fair Mrs. Mayoress, she has

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visited you to-day?" was "Mr. Smith's" usual question as he mounted the throne. He was not without malice, and admiration of the fat, bejewelled figure on the easel infuriated Price.

"No, but her husband has. He is enchanted with the beastly thing, he——"

"Will want to present her with some more jewels for being so adorable. You have not yet made the alterations to the tiara?"

"No, I've worked on you all the days. You were right, 'Mr. Smith,' this will make a striking portrait. Can't think how you thought of the pose. I finish to-night. Record time, I should say. My word, not many portraits have been painted at the point of a pistol. To think——"

"The pistol is loaded to-night," said "Mr. Smith" coolly.

"*Farceur!*" laughed Perceval. He enjoyed airing his French.

"I want that tiara, Price," the man went on in the same calm, monotonous tone.

"Want what?"

"The tiara. Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson's tiara."

The hand that held the revolver moved slightly but perceptibly. It gave emphasis to the words.

"If you do not give it me I shall be compelled to take it," went on the figure as it descended from the throne, all the time covering the cowering painter with the revolver.

"What, you won't?" continued "Mr. Smith," looking with some amusement at his distracted victim. "Perhaps, though, it would be better for me to take it. It will exonerate you from all blame. And yet, I fear, you may be accused of the theft. All I must trouble you for is the key."

Perceval had no alternative but to hand it over. He watched his model wrap the tiara in a silk handkerchief and place it in his pocket.

"What a blessing it is that you are a man of your word, Price; you said the sittings should never be disturbed, and they never have been," said "Mr. Smith," the stowing-away safely accomplished.

Perceval knew only too well that no help was to be expected from outside sources. The hour was midnight and no one knew the painter was at work in his studio. He was absolutely at the mercy of his armed assailant.

"And now I must leave you," went on the mocking voice, "for I shall want to be some distance from London before London is awake to-morrow. Shall I lock the safe or leave it open? You see it is you who will have to tell the tale when the theft is discovered, and we ought to make it as credible as possible. After all, you can't feel very sorry for Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson—she has plenty more. It is your reputation I am thinking of. You must let me bind you to the chair and gag you—this will give colour to your story of a midnight burglary."

Notwithstanding the quiet of the words, the man's attitude and mien were so threatening that Perceval saw it was useless to resist. Bound and gagged, he watched "Mr. Smith" move about the studio, removing everything that could give a clue to his identity.

"I shall have to lock you in," he said, his business finished, "but look here, Price, I'll leave the key just inside the railings below. You'll manage to get those hands of yours free by daylight, and then you can open the window and call an early passer-by to the rescue."

"Mr. Smith" went to the door and opened it.

"Good-bye, Price," he said feelingly. "Believe me, I've no grudge against you, far from it; but a man must live. I promised to make your reputation, did I not? and I shall do it, and not only in the police-court, as you are thinking now. This, at least, I can do for you."

"Mr. Smith" came back into the studio, picked up a paint-brush, and dabbed it into some white paint on the palette. From where he sat Perceval could see that he marked the portrait with a large S. D. The next moment he was gone.

* * * * *

At eleven on the following morning a pale, dishevelled figure presented itself at the Savoy and asked for Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson. Only the presentation of a visiting-card and the recognition by the porter of the very respectable name printed on it gained its owner admittance to the Samuelsons' private sitting-room.

The veneer of civilisation that overlay the primitive woman in Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson was soon rubbed off, and from the lady's lips there issued a flow of language which would have astounded the worthy burgesses who were so soon to be made happy by the gift of her portrait. Much against her husband's wishes, she sent for the porter and demanded the attendance of a police-officer, and on his appearance she gave Perceval into custody on the charge of having stolen a diamond tiara.

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In vain Perceval protested his innocence. It was not till he appeared in the police-court that he realised how black the case looked against him. The Insect most venomous tarantula—had so cleverly managed the circumstances of the theft that everything pointed to Price as the thief. The gagging and binding! Was there ever a similar occurrence in which a man had not been bound and gagged? And what evidence was there of this binding and gagging but the cord on the floor and the rolled handkerchief. The bruises on the wrist——"Ah," said the wiseacres, "we know those bruises!"

She gave Perceval into custody on the charge of having stolen a diamond tiara.

The police-constable on the beat said that at six in the morning a window had been thrown up and a man had affirmed he was locked in his room and begged for liberation. How could this be effected without the assistance of a locksmith? The man had told him—here a faint titter went round the court—that if he would search by the railings he would find the key of the door. Of course, went on the wiseacres, the man had locked his own door, had thrown out the key—or how should he know where it was?—had bruised his own wrists, and had spent a night in making up this cock-and-bull story, hoping thereby to impose on a credulous public. They—the wiseacres—thanked Heaven that credulity was no weak point of theirs!

The magistrate asked what was known of Mr. Perceval Price, and, when told he had a a clean record, liberated him on bail—two sureties of two hundred apiece.

Perceval went home, and the terrors of the night, the horrors of the interview with Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson, the indignities of the police-court resulted in a prostration that turned to brain fever. Before he lost consciousness he begged his manservant to see that all his finished pictures were sent to the R.A. Then darkness closed in on him, and for a month he was unconscious of the world or of the world's opinion of him.

Opening day of the R.A. fell that year on the 1st of May, and on the 2nd sensational headlines appeared in every newspaper in London:

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

PORTRAIT OF A NOTORIOUS CRACKSMAN.

THE MOST WANTED MAN IN EUROPE.

SCOTLAND YARD IDENTIFIES PORTRAIT OF S. D.

WHO IS MR. PERCEVAL PRICE?

And another paper asked:

WAS THERE COLLUSION?

Perceval Price sitting up in his bed stared blankly at the printed words: "Who is Mr. Perceval Price?"

He hurriedly unfolded another paper. Again the words "Perceval Price," set in

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Perceval Price sitting up in his bed stared blankly at the printed words.

big capitals, caught his eye. What was it all about? Ah!

THE TIARA MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

MR. SMEE OF SCOTLAND YARD IDENTIFIES THE PORTRAIT.

AN ADMIRABLE PICTURE BY A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

SIMON DELAVAL, A WORLD-FAMED CRIMINAL.

Perceval hurriedly read the context. As he did so, all the horrors of that lonely night in the studio rushed in a flood through his brain. So "Mr. Smith" had not deceived him! Through him had come the fame that he had craved for; at last he had succeeded in obtaining a sitter of world-wide reputation. Perceval sent out for more newspapers—every daily that London produced. All spoke of the portrait as the sensation of the day. "This masterly portrait," one called it. "For originality and daring it is unequalled," said another. "We must congratulate Mr Price both on his technique and on the boldness of the pose," said a third. "Was there collusion?" the most advanced of the ha'pennies repeated more than once, in a column purporting to describe the nature of the painter's friendship with his notorious sitter.

Price sank back on his pillows; the excitement was too great. The doctor when he came spoke of a relapse, and the hordes of interviewers that besieged the door of the most-spoken-of artist in London were sent ungratified away.

Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson never recovered her tiara, and Simon Delaval was never caught. But a few months later a certain James Smith of many aliases retired from public life to the privacy of a New York prison, and Newport and Long Island slept the sounder for many a night after the announcement of his capture. Among the first of Price's visitors, when visitors were allowed, was Mrs. de Jongh Samuelson, who was as profuse in her apologies as she had been violent in her invectives.

The pleasure of seeing a *queue* of people, yards long, waiting before her roped-off portrait, would have compensated for the loss of a dozen tiaras! She had achieved a brief season's notoriety, which was as gratifying as unhoped-for. At her command her husband purchased the masterly "Portrait of S. D.," as the catalogues had it, and it formed the nucleus of the fine collection of pictures for which De Jongh House, Wotherspoon, is now justly celebrated.

And all well-known London rushed for a portrait by Perceval Price!

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Mr. Peter Govier.

No. XXXII.—THE SWOOP ON FASHODA.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF PRIVATE PETER GOVIER, LATE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

This story tells of Lord Kitchener's swift and secret expedition to Fashoda—an undertaking which almost plunged Europe into the most appalling war of history. A mere handful of British troops was taken—only ninety—and of these many have since died. For the first time the story of Fashoda is told from the soldier's point of view by one of the men who were present, as the most stringent orders were given by the Sirdar, Sir Herbert—now Lord—Kitchener for the maintenance of silence and secrecy. Private Peter Govier served with the Cameron Highlanders throughout the Khartoum Expedition. He fought at the battles of Atbara and Omdurman, and was one of the favoured few who, after the crushing defeat of the Dervishes at Omdurman, was chosen to accompany the Sirdar on his secret and momentous mission.

"THERE go the men who nearly caused a European war!"

That was what was whispered when fingers were pointed at the handful of us who had been up the White Nile with the Sirdar, and had hoisted the Star and Crescent of Egypt at the lonely, fever-stricken spot they called Fashoda.

We had travelled secretly and had struck swiftly—and we had taken the place even when another great nation was established there. This had been done so that the Sirdar might keep intact the country which he claimed as his by right of conquest.

We did not know much, but we did know that the Khartoum Expedition of 1898, which was to crush Mahdism and avenge General Gordon, had been triumphantly successful. The Sirdar had carried out his battle time-table, and had done precisely what he started forth to do, which was what Wellington and Nelson and all the great fighters did. He had held the memorial service at Khartoum for the murdered General, and most of us thought that the business was all ended, and that those who were not to remain in Egypt or go to India and elsewhere would sail for home.

Already large numbers of troops were on their way to Cairo, amongst them seven companies of the old 79th, now the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. One company—the "E"—was left, a fine body of veterans.

It was September 4th when the solemn memorial service at Khartoum finished with General Gordon's favourite hymn, "Abide with me," and when victorious British and Egyptian troops gazed with sad, wet eyes on the staircase where he was butchered; it was four days later, on the 8th, when a thrill of excitement went through all of us who heard the whispered tidings that a small Dervish steamer, the *Tewfikiyeh*, had reached Omdurman, which is only a few miles from Khartoum, and had surrendered to us, with the astonishing tidings that we, who supposed we were the only Europeans in that strange region, were not alone, but that other white men were present, and that on what was reckoned British ground a rival flag was flying.

What was the meaning of it all? Who were the strangers? Whence had they come? Where were they? And in what force? Would the flag remain flying, and was the Khartoum Expedition to be lacking in

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complete success in spite of all the efforts of the Sirdar and the country?

Things moved swiftly just then — less than ten years ago. Before the wild conjectures were finished, almost before some of us knew that rivals for an empire were in the field, a secret expedition had been organised and dispatched. The very day after the astounding intelligence had been brought to him the Sirdar had started for Fashoda. That was on September 9th.

There were only ninety of us white troops; but there were also the 11th and the 13th Soudanese, fine black fellows, who had done splendid work at the Atbara, Omdurman, and elsewhere in that short, fierce, hard, and bloody campaign.

We left Omdurman in five steamers, which towed a number of Nile boats and double-decked barges. The Sirdar and his Staff were in the *Dal*, a stern-wheel gunboat; the Camerons were in the *Fatteh*.

It is hard for words to explain what that journey meant in the way of discomfort. We were travelling, remember, in the hottest part of the summer, in a tropical land which burnt like a furnace; and so far from going easily and lazily, we were ceaselessly working in some form or other. There was wood to be cut ashore for the steamers, as we had no coaling stations, and this meant more exercise than a man cares for when the sun blazes above him like a mass of fire.

There were myriads of filthy insects, too, like mosquitoes and the tsetse-fly, all craving for at least a sample of you, and innumerable reptiles and strange, obnoxious creatures. These we found when we landed on the shores, which became hateful because of their monotony; and when we kept to the river, which was for most of the time, we were always fighting our way against a strong current. Plenty of crocodiles and hippos were about, for these animals had not yet been driven away by man. There had been no men to drive them away.

One tragic episode stands out very clearly in my recollection as I talk. A Soudanese soldier fell from the deck of his steamer into the river, and was instantly swept away by the swift current. There were shouts of alarm, the casting of lifebuoys, and the prompt taking of measures to rescue the man, who struggled frantically to save himself. He put forth the strength of despair; but against the terrific force of the water he was powerless. There was no hope of success; but another Soudanese, a splendid swimmer, stripped and dived; yet all he could do was with difficulty to save himself. When the end came, two or three men of the 79th volunteered to dive and search for the body; but this was forbidden, as the chances of success were almost non-existent.

The greatest obstacle we had to overcome was that strange growth of vegetation which is called the *sud*, a green weed which in places was so thick as to be a solid mass, needing to be cut away before we could get ahead. Intense heat by day, deluges of warm rain in the stifling darkness—these were some of the discomforts we had to endure. When there is that sort of thing to battle with, you do not care much for the romance of any land—and there was not over much romance in the swampy country where Fashoda lies. We had had enough of war, in all conscience; but even fighting was better than this misery of monotony.

The country was wild and unexplored, because it had only just been recovered from the barbarous rule of the Dervishes. By day we had our wood-cutting expeditions, and by night we had many a warm and thrilling moment with snakes and scorpions, and all sorts of evil creeping and crawling things. The wood-cutting and feeding of the furnaces was made all the harder because the blacks who helped us had the most primitive notions of the proper way of doing things.

When a man has set his heart on a bit of excitement he does not like to be disappointed. I will confess that I got tired of the sameness of the journey, and wished for a bit of a thrill. It came unexpectedly. Some Dervish deserters surrendered, and the Sirdar promptly took them in hand and got out of them all they knew. They told a stirring tale, for they swore that only a little distance ahead there was a large body of Mahdists —and we thought we had scattered and destroyed our enemy completely! They spoke the truth, for early next day we saw a dozen craft, the chief of which was a gunboat called *Safia*. We steamed up and had one of the smartest little dustings you could wish for. It was a fight by land as well as water, because the enemy had a force ashore, with several brass guns which looked like doing a lot of mischief.

We had with us Commander Keppel, who was in a gunboat called the *Sultan*. He steamed ahead, tackled the *Safia*, and planted a shell in her boiler. There was a terrific report, followed by a great cloud of steam, and accompanied by the uproar of Maxims, shells, and rifles. There was a rush by the lithe Soudanese to the shore, a struggling

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There was a rush by the lithe Soudanese to the shore, a struggling through the shallow water . . . and a magic clearing out of the enemy.

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through the shallow water, thick with the tangled *sud*, and a magic clearing out of the enemy.

It was, in its way, quite a brilliant small affair, and the work was done without much loss of life. When it was finished we made an extraordinary discovery, or rather Commander Keppel did, for he found that the *Safia* was the identical ship in which he had fought thirteen years earlier—in the campaign of 1885. You will not come across many naval officers who are able to boast that they have blown up the boiler of their old ship with a shot.

The cost of the engagement to us was slight enough; but the enemy's killed and wounded numbered about a hundred. The killed were left where they had fallen, and we saw the rotting bodies, still unburied, when we returned from Fashoda. After the fight the natives were very chary of coming to meet us, but the Sirdar was an excellent hand at dealing with these people, and he completely won their goodwill by ordering the Soudanese bands to play a war-dance, which delighted the natives and immensely pleased and tickled us.

He sent a runner post haste to Fashoda with a letter for the white man who was in command there. Who the officer was not even the Sirdar knew at that time, except that he was a Frenchman. The letter was written in French, and made known the fact that the Sirdar's force was advancing upon Fashoda, which was considered Egyptian territory.

Tales were told or whispered that we were on a piece of work of which no one could see the end, and that a bigger war than any of us had ever known would doubtless be the result of our action. Perhaps that was because most of us were Scotsmen. As a rule the British soldier goes about his business regardless of consequences, and never troubles his head as to the why or wherefore of this or that.

Well, we talked and we thought, and every day we gasped and sweltered in the appalling heat of a Soudan summer. We were glad to be in kilts and khaki helmets, and I daresay we should have been gladder still if we had been no more lavishly clothed than the natives we saw—and they were not overdressed. Some of them were not dressed at all.

Twelve days' toil, and then the current of the White Nile and the stubborn *sud* itself were conquered, and with strangely-mixed feelings we came within sight of the so-called fort of Fashoda, on the possession of which depended peace or war. It seemed such a miserable trifle for two proud races to quarrel about—a dreary, lonely place in the heart of an unknown country, leading apparently to nowhere; but so far from being unimportant, this little post made all the difference in the world to the Sirdar. Without it his conquest of the Soudan would not have been complete. To have Fashoda held by strangers was to have it held by enemies, and to break the continuity of the route which ambitious men were opening between the Cape and Cairo.

As soon as the mysterious objective of our journey was reached and seen, we stood to arms. It is hard even now at times to realise that this is what we actually did—that we loaded our magazines and fixed our bayonets, prepared to fire and charge; and that the artillery made ready at a moment's notice to bombard. Not the dullest-witted man amongst us could shut his eyes to the stupendous possibilities of such a proceeding. So far we knew the limits of our fighting and the strength and resources of our opponents, but who could estimate the possibilities of a contest with a nation renowned in the history of war?

Vastly as one admires the courage of the Sirdar, one cannot help feeling that his unexpected opponent is as much entitled to praise. He had overcome enormous difficulties, he had suffered long and greatly, and he had won an immense prize as the reward of his energy and determination. He was confronted with the unlooked-for appearance of an overwhelmingly superior force, one that could have destroyed the fort and all the people in it easily and with safety; yet he was resolved not to give up the fruits of his toil without a desperate struggle.

We understood this when we saw a small boat coming from Fashoda, manned by blacks, and flying the French flag. It brought an answer to the letter which had been sent by the Sirdar to the officer commanding the fort.

What did the letter say? We did not know then; but we do know now that the reply to it was that the officer commanding was prepared to welcome the Sirdar to Fashoda "in the name of France."

When you think of it, you can sympathise deeply enough with a brave man who, after much hardship and suffering as an explorer, had made his way from the Congo to the Upper Nile, and established himself at the lonely post of Fashoda, only to meet with the bitter ill-luck of being promptly ordered out of the place. But you must remember that

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The bands of the Soudanese battalions played the Khedivial March as the Egyptian flag was hoisted, and the Egyptian artillery thundered forth a salute as we presented arms.

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if it had not been for the Sirdar's victories, the French would never have lived to tell what they had done. The triumphant Dervishes would have rushed the country and butchered every man amongst the enemy.

I was intently watching the mud fort on the river side, wondering what the end of all the palaver would be, when another boat put off from the shore. One man I specially noticed—a man dressed in white, wearing a peaked cap, and with a face that showed signs of the privations he had undergone in carrying out his expedition on behalf of the French Government. In spite of the bronzing of the sun I noticed that his complexion was very sallow.

This officer proved to be the famous Captain Marchand.

He was accompanied by another French officer, and the two of them were seated, as they came towards us, under the shadow of the drooping tricolour of their country. What a strange, out-of-the-world place for two great nations to come into conflict! Yet a hundred years before in Egypt England and France had had a desperate tussle—and Napoleon had been the one to withdraw then.

The Frenchmen and the Sirdar had a conference on board the *Dal*, and it was there and then that the great point of peace or war was settled. There was long and earnest talk, in which the Sirdar made it clear that he would allow no rival to be in the valley of the Upper Nile, and that on no consideration would he permit the fruits of his conquest to be taken from him.

I wonder if anybody will ever really understand what it meant for those two brave men to discuss the thing like that, knowing that on their words the peace of two great nations rested? A hasty word, a slip of speech, a want of tact, a lack of courtesy—the merest unconsidered trifle might have let our magazines and guns loose. And what then? One shudders to think of it. We who were away in that far country knew what was going on about us; but we did not know that for days afterwards France and England were getting their fleets and armies ready. And what of other countries?

The solemn, earnest talking ended, and I for one was glad enough when I saw that there was ground for thinking that for the present, at any rate, there would be a peaceful way out of the trouble. We were ordered to land, and we disembarked gladly. The Camerons, the 11th and 13th Soudanese, and the artillery got ashore at the old fortifications of Fashoda, just a little distance from the actual spot where the French camp was—a camp mostly of Senegalese, commanded by white officers.

I experienced a curious, jumpy sort of thrill as we went under the very walls and saw the glistening faces of the blacks peering down at us. They also were ready to fight instantly. Very picturesque-looking fellows they were in their red jerseys and white knickers, and they stared as keenly at our kilts and sporrans as we did at their own garments. Our kilts and sporrans, indeed, had a fascination for the black people, some of whom wanted to have them and give in exchange such useful things as sheep. But we did not trade. A sheep would have been harder to carry than either a kilt or sporran—besides, our rations were provided for us, and if it comes to that, our kilts and sporrans belonged to our country and not to us.

The Camerons were drawn up on the right, and the Soudanese on the left. The Sirdar, stern and inflexible, with his staff, watched us as we presented arms, and the Star and Crescent of the flag of Egypt fluttered for a moment in the still air as the emblem of conquest and possession was hoisted.

I looked towards a spot which was within easy seeing distance, and there I saw Captain Marchand gazing earnestly at our performance. What must his feelings have been as he witnessed the snatching from his very grasp of the vast prize which he hoped he had won for France—the prize of a great territory? He beheld the flag of Egypt flying, symbol of victory for the Khedive; then, later in the day, the hoisting of the British flag, in silent token of additional protection of what had been so dearly won by British and Egyptian troops in the Soudan.

The bands of the Soudanese battalions played the Khedivial March as the Egyptian flag was hoisted, and the Egyptian artillery thundered forth a salute as we presented arms. How easily the guns of the flotilla could have told a different story; how soon the peaceful region could have rung with the noise of battle! If there had been a fight at all it would have been swift and destructive, because, you see, we had been in good practice for a considerable time, and the holders of the fort were 'prentice hands at the game. Besides, we were so much stronger. In that respect the Sirdar had not taken risks. Why should a man do so who goes forth to war in the assurance of victory?

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A little garrison was left at Fashoda, and most of us marched back to our gunboats to the stirring tune of the "March of the Cameron Men," our regimental quickstep. We supposed that we were now at least to go back to Cairo, but no such luck. The Sirdar, whose power of getting information was marvellous, heard there was a hostile force about a hundred miles away which was likely to march to the relief of Fashoda. Some said they were Belgians; others Abyssinians. Away went the Sirdar to the district which was spoken of—a place called Sobat, about a hundred miles away. We got there on the 20th, only to find that there was no enemy, either black or white. At Sobat, too, the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted, and a little garrison was left. This meant that the whole of the region on which the Sirdar and his country had set their hearts was made inviolate, that it was held by British troops, and that for the present, at any rate, there would be no risk of a foe's depriving him of the spoils of victory.

When a great task has been accomplished it appears so easy to those looking back on it. The work seems dwarfed, especially when you regard it after the lapse of even a few years, and to some extent the swoop on Fashoda is like that, to my mind. But I say to some extent only, for as I talk about the work I realise more forcibly than ever what it really meant. I suppose it is natural to think first of all of the miseries and privations of the task, and to shudder as I recollect the terrible assaults of the mosquitoes that were never satisfied, and the other side of the picture—that while they were so well provided for I had seen more dinner-times than dinners.

Strange it was, too, to go so suddenly from the known into the unknown, from a triumph which we supposed was a complete conquest to another undertaking which might so easily have meant a long and costly war—a swift transition from a struggle with dervishes and naked savages to set battles in other parts of the world with the trained soldiers of Great Powers. What a colossal conflagration that small Fashoda spark might have caused!

Some such ideas were forming in my mind when we started from Sobat to get back to Cairo. The excitement and work had kept nearly all of us up to the mark and in good trim. We held up, too, on our homeward journey—the best tonic that a fighting man can ever have. But the reaction, the inevitable relapse, followed. Men sickened strangely, faded, and died. The climate was proving far more cruel than the weapons of war would have been, and men had got into their systems disease which neither rest nor medicine could cure.

They had fought against the dervishes, and they had endured the privations of the Fashoda expedition; but the most insidious enemy of all had gripped them, and of the ninety men of us who had gone up the White Nile a dozen were left to take their rest in Egypt. Only about forty are now alive.

Let the departed sleep, for they have done their duty. They helped to take Fashoda, and so to clear the way for that marvellous railway which runs from Cairo to the Cape.

There was a sort of promise that for our expedition we should receive something like two months' pay. Only a few weeks ago I wrote to the Secretary of State for War, reminding him of this, and the answer was that no reward was to be given.

Yet, in spite of the hardships, it is something to be able to think that you have helped to make history, and served with a man like Kitchener.

FAME.

A week ago I was unknown,
One 'midst a host of drapers;
But now you'll find my photograph
In all the leading papers.

In headlines of the boldest type
They tell the wondrous story;
And to all nations of the earth
Proclaim my fame and glory.

The reason of my sudden flight
To this exalted station
Was not some great, heroic deed,
Or wonderful oration.

Not being well, I took some pills;
Then, feeling rather better,
I sent to the proprietors
A short and grateful letter.

No longer now am I unknown,
Just one of many drapers;
The letter and my photograph
Are found in all the papers.

Herbert J. Brandon.

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CAP AND BELLS

THE BITTER PATH OF VIRTUE.

MABEL: "Haven't I told you a hundred times not to kiss me?"

JAMES: "Well, I suppose you have."

MABEL: "Well, if you knew how hard it was for me to say it, you wouldn't make me do it."

* * * * *

QUITE SO.

Two members of the Bar were on a motor-'bus when it was stopped by a block of traffic. As they were near their destination, they decided to get out and walk. The block, however, soon broke up, and the 'bus overtook them.

"When we left the 'bus," said one of the legal gentlemen, who, by the way, has a bit of the Celt in him, "I thought I should get on better by getting off. But, after all, we should have been better off if we had stayed on."

* * * *

PHILOSOPHY.

LADY (to tramp): "No, I shall not give you anything. You look strong and hearty, and well able to work."

TRAMP: "Ah, ma'am, you shouldn't judge people by their looks; I thought you looked a kind-hearted lady, but I find you ain't."

* * * * *

THE SAME THING.

JIMMY: "We're going to have a holiday to-day, Jack. Let's go fishin'."

JACK: "How do you know we are? Teacher didn't say anything about it yesterday."

JIMMY: "Don't matter. Mike Hooley's got two mice in his pocket, and he's goin' to let 'em run out on the floor."

* * * * *

HONOUR IN DISHONOUR.

The honour among thieves is generally His Honour the magistrate.

VENGEANCE.

SHE: "You told me before you were married that you loved me for myself alone, and now I find that it was my fortune that won you."

HE (coldly): "Well?"

SHE: "Well, I'll have you arrested for obtaining money under false pretences."

* * * *

NO COMPARISON.

JAGWAY: "Was that you I saw driving in a carriage the other day?"

TRAVERS: "Probably it was."

JAGWAY: "And yet you cannot afford to pay me the five pounds you owe me."

TRAVERS: "That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable."

* * * * *

TO A FLIRT.

When pouting lips say "leave me,"
And laughing eyes say "stay,"
I know not which deceive me
And so I still delay.

When haughty looks dismiss me
And rosebud lips allure,
I think your meaning's "kiss me,"
But how can I be sure?

Now lips that pout too often,
And eyes that laugh too long,
And looks that seldom soften,
This policy is wrong.

For e'en to sweet and twenty
Pride comes before a fall,
Though lovers now be plenty,
You cannot wed them all.

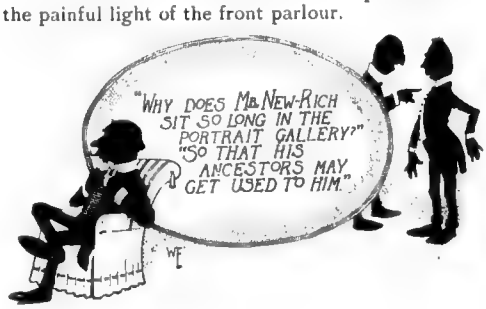
If you really mean to marry,
Pray answer "Yes" or "No";
Take me, or Dick, or Harry,
And let the others go.

S. M.

* * * * *

THERE'S A REASON.

"Love is blind," and that is why he a ways seeks the seclusion of the darkest corners in preference to the painful light of the front parlour.



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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

STRANGER: "Boy, will you direct me to the nearest bank?"

STREET URCHIN: "Will f' a shilling."

STRANGER: "A shilling? Isn't that too much?"

URCHIN: "Bank directors always get big pay, mister."

* * * * *

ADVICE NEEDED.

HE: "I am in love. Will you be my confidante?"

SHE: "Certainly. I am at your service."

HE: "Well, would you advise me to propose to you?"

GIVE AND TAKE.

"Can you forgive me and love me still?" said the new-made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?"

"Thank goodness," cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig; "now I can cool my head."

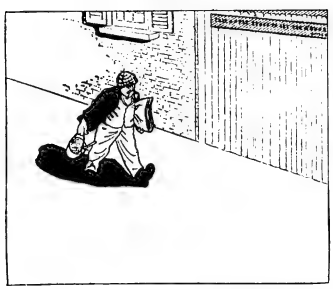
* * * * *

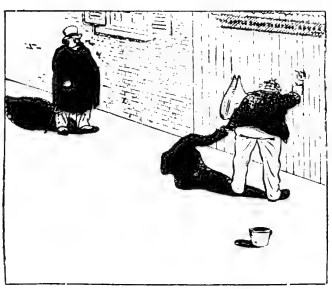
PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE.

WICKWIRE: "I tell you, Yabby, my boy, there is nothing like a baby to brighten a man's home."

YABSLEY: "Yes, I have noticed that the gas seems at full height in your house at almost any hour of the night."

"BILL STICKING"—A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.





MERELY HIS IGNORANCE.

MR. BIZZINESS: "Why don't you work? Why do you waste your time begging?"

TRAMP: "Did you ever beg?"

MR. BIZZINESS: "No, of course not."

TRAMP: "Then you don't know what work is."

* * * * *

APPARENTLY NOT.

HE: "Is there much between George and Hilda?"

SHE: "I saw them sitting on the sofa last evening, and you couldn't have put a knife between them."

BIGOTED, IN FACT.

"Your friend Miss Blank seems a very strict teetotaller," said a man, commenting on a girl who had refused to eat plum-pudding with brandy sauce.

"Strict doesn't express it," replied the girl's friend. "Why, don't you know, she's so particular she won't heat her curling-tongs over a spirit lamp?"

* * * * *

PREFERRED CURRENCY.

THEODORE THESPIS: "But, my dear fellow, I'll pay you in time."

PETER S. FLINT: "I prefer it in money."

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NOT REALLY.

CHAPPIE: "I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once?"

MISS PINKIE: "Why, bless you, there is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know."

* * *

OVERCROWDING.

A professor has made the calculation that, if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in this island for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and the drum-major of a brass band. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea, and have to swim for it.

"Did you have a good birthday dinner, Jimmy?" Jimmy: "I should think I did! I had to take four kinds of medicine after it."

* * * * *

MARRIED.

Alas! to think that I no more
Can do as I was wont before
I met you, and my bach'lor days
Are ended with their bach'lor ways,
And nothing ever can restore
Those jolly times. Now I implore
The latchkey freedom of the door,
While you reply with eyes ablaze—
"Alas!"

That I am married I deplore,
And were I single now I'm sure
Though Cupid should his bent bow raise,
And Hymen's torch before me blaze,
I'd not give up my freedom for
A lass.
Harold Watts.

* * * * *

AN EXPLANATION.

"Blingley, why does Oldboy refuse to speak to you? You used to be great friends."

"Yes, when we were bachelors; but he's married now."

"And what difference does that make?"

"Well, the fact is I made him a handsome wedding present of a book, and he hasn't spoken to me since."

"What was the book?"

"'Paradise Lost.'"

* * *

NOT A DUMB WAITER.

PATRON: "A nice way you serve things in this forsaken restaurant! Here's a hairpin in the salad."

WAITER: "That's part of the dressing, sir!"

A GREEDY MAN.

STAGE MANAGER (to proprietor of theatre): "Our scene-shifter says he wants a holiday. He says he hasn't been away for five years."

PROPRIETOR: "Well, tell him he can't have one. He gets change of scene enough to suit anybody."

* * *

PROOF POSITIVE.

"You may say what you like, mother, George no longer loves me."

"But, child, how did you get that silly notion into your head?"

"Oh, very simply and only too quickly. When he takes me home nowadays he always chooses the shortest road."

* * * * *

IF!

YOUTH (to tailor): "I've called for my new suit."

TAILOR: "Sorry, but it's not finished."

YOUTH: "Why, you said you would have it done if you worked all night."

TAILOR: "Yes, but I didn't work all night."

* * * * *

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A SISTER.

"Bessie," said Adolphus to his sister, "I have taken a fancy to a young lady with whom I am but slightly acquainted, and would like to know what her faults are How can I find out?"

"Praise her to her young lady acquaintances," said Bessie.

* * * * *

WHERE SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

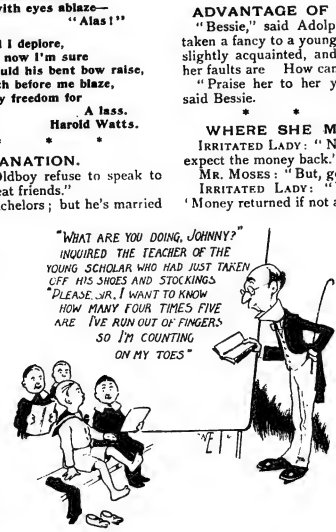
IRRITATED LADY: "No, it doesn't fit, and I shall expect the money back."

MR. MOSES: "But, good gracious——"

IRRITATED LADY: "Your advertisements say: 'Money returned if not approved.'"

MR. MOSES: "So they do, ma tear madam, so they do; but your money vas approved—it vas very goot money."

* * *


"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JOHNNY?" INQUIRED THE TEACHER OF THE YOUNG SCHOLAR WHO HAD JUST TAKEN OFF HIS SHOES AND STOCKINGS. "PLEASE SIR, I WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY FOUR TIMES FIVE ARE I'VE RUN OUT OF FINGERS SO I'M COUNTING ON MY TOES"

OUR CANDID FRIENDS.

STRAWBER: "Old man, I'm going to take the fatal step; to-night I propose to Miss Quill-cutter."

SINGERLY: "Are you going to do it in that necktie?"

STRAWBER: "Why, yes, of course."

SINGERLY: "Then if she says 'Yes,' old fellow, you may be sure it is a case of true love."

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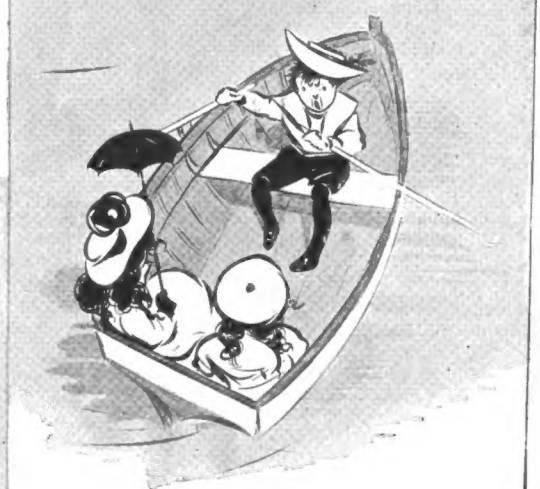
SEASIDE "DONTS"

And a new frock on that morning! "Auntie! if you don't give me a new doll and six teen donkey rides I'll sit down!"

Don't say to the acquaintances you meet in the water:— "How do you do Miss Tompkins?—er— won't you sit down?"

Hopeless isn't she? Well, don't answer. Voice from beneath umbrella "What have you got round there?" "A sea urchin, mother," "Well leave the boys alone for once and come and sit with me".



Don't go rowing with two nice girls unless you're a very good sailor you don't look nice—

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HOBSON'S CHOICE.

SHE: "I am simply tired of your conduct. I wonder how a woman can ever marry a man!"

HE: "Well, there's really nothing else to marry, is there?"

* * * * *

A FRIENDLY ACT.

TUBBS: "I'm glad you read my poem in the new magazine. The editor is a friend of mine."

MERRIT: "I knew he must have been when he left your name out."

* * * * *

A GOOD EXCUSE.

At twelve o'clock the other night a policeman found a man lying on the grass under a tree, and he aroused him with: "Come, mister, no one is allowed to sleep here."

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man.

"What is it?"

"See that house over there? Well, please do me the favour to go and ring the bell and ask if William Duckey is at home."

The policeman ascended the steps and rang the bell. A head was thrust out of the window and a female voice demanded: "Now, who is there?"

"Madame," replied the officer, "is William Duckey at home?"

"No, sir; and I don't expect him till daylight," snapped the woman, and at the same moment a torrent of cold water descended on the policeman's head, and half drowned him.

"Well," said the man on the grass, as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Duckey; that's Mrs. Duckey."

"I think I see," replied the policeman. "You can remain where you are."

* * * * *

A CAREFUL YOUTH.

HE: "Is my hat on straight?"

SHE: "Yes. Why do you ask such a question?"

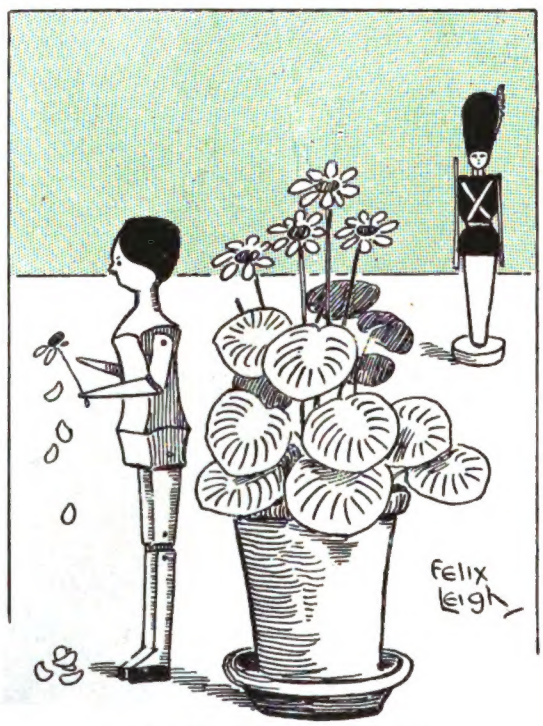
HE: "I'm going out in a canoe, and don't want to overbalance it."

* * * * *

ENOUGH TO MAKE IT.

SPADER (moving up closer to her): "Well, yes, our profession does embrace a great deal."

Then the light got so nervous it went out.



There was a Dutch Dolly who said:
"I will see whom I'm fated to wed;
"Tinker—Tailor," she tried,
And then "Soldier" she cried—
"I am here!" called a Person in Red.

DISARMING SUSPICION.

MR. SLIMSON: "Willie, didn't you go to the trunk-maker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?"

"WILLIE: "Yes, pa."

MR. SLIMSON: "Well, here is the trunk, but no strap. Didn't he say anything about the strap?"

WILLIE: "Yes, pa; but I told him I thought you hadn't better have any strap."

* * * * *

HE KNEW WHEN TO STOP.

"I suppose, doctor, that a large proportion of the ills of your patients are imaginary?"

"Yes, sir; quite a large proportion."

"And your treatment of such cases, I suppose, is by imaginary pills?"

"Well, I suppose you might call it that."

"Then, of course, for treating imaginary ills with imaginary pills, you send in imaginary bills?"

"Oh, my dear sir, nothing of the kind. There's nothing imaginary about the bills; I have to draw the line somewhere."

* * *

HIS IDEA OF A GOOD TIME.

The retired contractor sighed as he got into his dress suit, and thought of the elaborate dinner and the opera that were to come.

"Some day," he said, "I'll git real des'prit, an' then do you know what I'll do?"

"Something terrible, I've no doubt," replied his ambitious wife.

"I s'pose it wouldn't look well in print," he admitted, "but I can't help that. What I'll do will be to throw away these high-priced cigars, put on some old clothes, go out an' come in by the back way, an' smoke a quarter-pound of cut-up chewin' tobacco in a cob pipe while I'm talkin' things over with the coachman in the barn."

* * * * *

NO USE DRAGGING UP THE PAST.

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel in Manchester:

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"What's this?"

"It's bean soup, sir."

"It does not matter what it has been; the question is, what is it now?"

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SELF-EVIDENT.

MRS. BLEE: "Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlour as I told you?"

THE NEW DOMESTIC JEWEL: "Yis, mum; can't you smell it?"

* * *

OF COURSE HE OUGHT.

GEORGE: "Do you love me?"

CLARA: "That's none of your business."

GEORGE: "Excuse me, but it is my business."

CLARA: "Well, then, you ought to know your own business."

* * * * *

A PEACH OF A TIME.

FIRST SMALL BOY: "D'ye remember that day when we got inter Farmer Hayseed's orchard?"

SECOND SMALL BOY: "Yes; an' d'ye remember what a lot of apples we got?"

FIRST SMALL BOY: "Yes an' d'ye remember how sour they was?"

SECOND SMALL BOY: "Yes; an' d'ye remember how the dog got arter us an' tore our clothes?"

FIRST SMALL BOY: "Yes; an' d'ye remember what a lot we ate w'en we got away?"

SECOND SMALL BOY: "Yes; an' d'ye remember how sick we all was?"

FIRST SMALL BOY: "Yes; didn't we have a jolly time?"

* * * * *

AS IT IS TO-DAY.

SUITOR: "I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

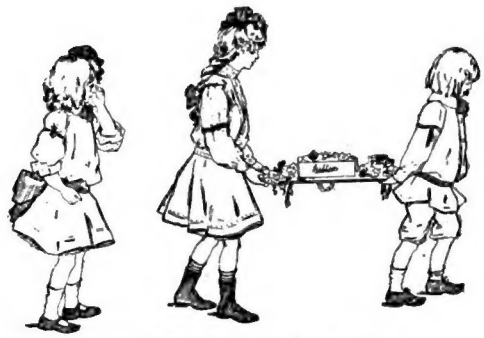
MR. MOTORTON: "So? Well, sir, can you support her in the style of motor-cars to which she is accustomed?"

* * * * *

LIKED TO BE POLITE.

HARRY: "Why don't you stand before the mirror when putting on your tie?"

CHAPPIE: "Because it is such bad fawm to be seen befoah I am fully dwessed."



The Funeral of the Pet Mouse.

QUITE SIMPLE.

LADY (to nursemaid): "Caroline, see you don't let the children sit on the wet grass; they might catch cold. If they are tired you can sit on it yourself and take them on your knee."

* * *

A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

"Thomas must be doing splendidly on the stage," remarked a gratified mother. "He writes me that he appears every evening as a villager, a gipsy, and two kinds of soldiers, while Mr. Hamlet—the star, you know—only performs one part."

* * * * *

JUST SO.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the springtime.

"Ah, yes," said the wee miss, "I understand. They keep their summer clothes in their trunk."

* * * * *

THE PROOF.

O three were the knights that went to the fray,
And her heart went forth with each;
But which of the three
Would the dearest be?
She could not say—
She could not say.

O one was the knight by a blow laid low,
And two were the knights scathe free;
But which of the three
Would the dearest be?
She'd learnt to know—
She'd learnt to know.

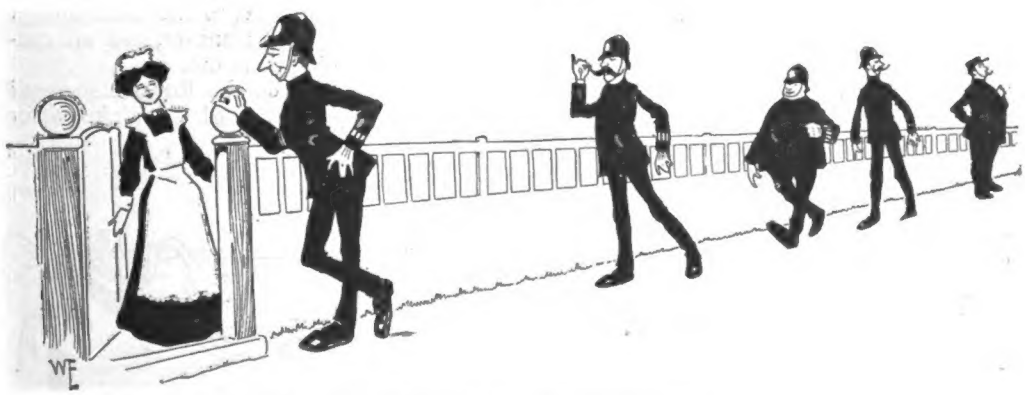
* * * * *

FAME OF A SORT.

"Bezooke is bound to be famous before long. I expect to see his picture in the papers every day."

"Why, I didn't know he was specially talented."

"He isn't, but he's a regular fiend for taking patent medicines."



First Friend: "Do you have good police protection out your way?"
Second Friend: "Do we? Well, I should say so. We have the prettiest servant girl in the town."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

OUR COVER DESIGNS.

THE series of realistic cover designs appearing on the ROYAL have become an even greater success than I had hoped. I receive letters from all over the world congratulating me on their beauty and marvellous fidelity to nature, and this encouragement has decided me in continuing the series, in spite of the expense it entails.

A NEW SERIES.

Next month I shall start a new series of intensely interesting and novel articles by Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh, the famous Indian author. Each article deals with the life-story of an Indian animal, written from Mr. Ghosh's own observation and the intimate knowledge of the *shikaris* or native hunters, whose discoveries in animal life have never yet been put before English readers. Mr. Ghosh has not only a host of new and wonderful facts to give you; he enjoys to a degree that which few English writers possess: the faculty for presenting his facts with a charm and dramatic power that would make the dullest disquisition exciting.

A SURPRISE.

I have an hour's journey every day to my office, and sometimes travel in the same compartment with several children on their way to school. A few days ago three or four little girls sat opposite me, and two of them, instead of taking a last glance at their lesson books, were absorbed in the pages of the ROYAL. Presuming on my age, in lieu of an introduction, I asked them what they were reading.

"Oh, the 'Survivor's Tale,'" was the reply. "I always read that first. It's so exciting!"

The other child agreed, and I own I felt rather astonished. Boys, men, even ladies, might single out this feature as their favourite, but I hardly expected schoolgirls to do so. I wonder whether I shall ever find boys deeply engrossed in the beauty articles! You never can tell!

THE PUBLIC TASTE.

Which leads me to the trite reflection that nobody—editor, novelist, theatrical manager, or playwright—can ever gauge the public taste with anything like certainty. What exactly makes for the success of a magazine, a novel, or a play?

As often as otherwise something which the author, editor, or dramatist never dreamt of as a factor for bringing his work popularity. In the history of literature there are innumerable stories of books and plays that strayed from publisher to publisher, from theatre to theatre, in a vain search for publicity, and ultimately set the Thames on fire, to the astonishment of author, publisher, manager, and all concerned in bringing them out.

What was it made the ROYAL a success? Well, now, upon my word, I don't know for certain!

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